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Trouble in Paradise

THE Tory Party is openly split on a major issue for the first time since the debates on the Schuman Plan; and, although Tory quarrels are traditionally and constitutionally less spectacular than Socialist ones, the lines of the division are now clear.

Mr. Churchill, more aware than some of his less martial followers of the military dangers of armed intervention in Persia, has for some time been counselling caution. A fortnight ago he publicly suggested private talks with the Government on the immediate handling of the situation. These talks are said to have convinced him that the Government, by a light-hearted commitment of paratroopers in Abadan, would risk a tactical reverse in the field, a serious breach with the U.S., and perhaps the condemnation of the U.N. Unfortunately, he seems to have neglected the formality of consulting his back-bench supporters before he made his gesture of appeasement to Mr. Morrison. Inflamed as they have been by their leader's own trumpet-call to a death-or-glory struggle on the Finance Bill, which the majority supported in private, they are not unnaturally resentful at this sudden change of tactics on an issue which traditionally arouses John Bull's most primitive instincts.

Moreover, many of them, in the belief that they were doing what was expected of them and comfortably fortified by an inner conviction that what was proper was on this occasion also right, had made bellicose speeches in the country on the paramount duty of the Government to defend at all costs British rights of property as well as person in Southern Persia. Violent words have been spoken behind closed doors at the Party meeting and some very embarrassing ones in public. Lord Salisbury's speech in the Lords last week in which he rebuked the Foreign Secretary for his vacillating and timorous handling of the situation is, for instance, difficult to reconcile with Mr. Churchill's recent muffled pronouncements in the Commons. Mr. Eden, treading as usual a middle way, has—not for the first time—left M.P.s with the clear impression that he is more nearly in step with Lord Salisbury than with his own unpredictable leader.

There might have been some chance of passing this off without too much public comment if Lord Beaverbrook, scenting trouble from afar, had not crossed the Atlantic to stand beside Mr. Churchill. So both Socialists and Tories had the irritating experience of watching the *Express* group print adulatory editorials on Mr. Morrison, "the man of the hour," and sharply castigating some of the most prominent Tories for their "want of energy" and "neglect of duty." Lord Beaverbrook's unrivalled irresponsibility and his reputedly great influence on Mr. Churchill has made him particularly disliked by the "Hatfield set"; and many Tories see him in the historic role of the dwarf whispering obscenities in the Emperor's ear. More perhaps for this reason than any other, the *Daily Telegraph*, customarily the mouthpiece of Mr. Eden and Lord Salisbury, has leapt to their support. Its leader last Monday, brushing aside the weighty arguments for patience, harshly criticised Mr. Morrison for his unwillingness to defend "our rights, property and interests in South Persia in the only way they can in fact be defended—by armed intervention." The *Daily Mail*, in less elegant language, has followed suit; while Lord Kemsley continues to be mildly Churchillian, though taking great care not to alarm his regular readers by any suggestion that there may be two points of view.

It is all *opera bouffe* on a desperately serious theme. Stripped of tactical manoeuvres, it demonstrates more clearly than anything how superficial is the new look with which Mr. Butler and Lord Woolton have striven to clothe the post-war Tories. But the public can be forgiven a grim smile at the irony of a situation in which Lord Salisbury and Mr. Eden, in alliance with the men of Munich, appear to lend support to a policy which might well lead to a war with Britain as the aggressor, while the "old warhorse" in person is taunted by the younger members of his own party as a renegade and appeaser.

Deterioration in Persia

In Persia itself, the situation remains difficult. Each day brings fresh humiliations for the British staff at Abadan, as the Persians cease to be their humble servants and seek to play the role of masters. It must be increasingly difficult for Mr. Drake and his colleagues to understand that their passivity under insult is an essential part of a carefully thought out strategy. Yet we are convinced that it is; and that the Foreign Secretary and Mr. Churchill are right to resist Lord Salisbury's demand for a bold assertion of British power. At this juncture an attempt to occupy Abadan—and this is the only alternative to the Government's policy—might relieve our sense of impotence; but it would serve no useful purpose. Its only consequences would be: (1) a state of war between

British and Persian troops in which we should rapidly assert our local superiority in Abadan while the Persian army held the oilfields; (2) a general strike, the looting of British property and the withdrawal of our personnel to a small compound around the refinery; (3) the weakening of all the moderates in Teheran and the strengthening of Dr. Mossadeq's position. The best available course is to keep our personnel in Persia for as long as possible and meanwhile to work for the removal of Dr. Mossadeq and his replacement by someone ready to negotiate. But in that case it is essential that we should have ready realistic plans for dividing control and leaving the oilfields to the Persian State while retaining part-control of the refinery. Of course, this is a desperately risky course to take; but every course is risky, and there are now signs that Dr. Mossadeq is belatedly having second thoughts.

He has agreed that Mr. Truman's envoy should come to Teheran for "talks." Did he read as a warning the U.S. decision to move from Teheran Dr. Grady, who shared Mr. McGee's outspoken sympathy for the Persian demands? Mr. Harriman, however, is not yet accepted as a "mediator," and none should imagine that Washington is eager to be committed to supporting a British Korea which would strain Western resources and once again leave Russia uncommitted. Mr. Morrison's patience is not only justified by conditions in Persia but by the climate of Washington opinion. Having just avoided the worst results of MacArthurism in the Far East, Mr. Truman is unlikely to support Tory policies in the Middle East which must seem to him reckless and even less justified by circumstances than General MacArthur's proposals "to go it alone."

The Cease-Fire Talks

It is already clear that the armistice negotiations in Korea may have to surmount two difficult hurdles. In addition to the question of the point at which the terms become "political"—a field in which Admiral Joy, the chief U.N. delegate, has declared he is not empowered to tread—the precise location of the proposed neutral zone raises an awkward problem in the purely military sense. According to Moscow Radio, which quotes a Tass dispatch from Pyongyang, General Nam, the North Korean delegate, has made two proposals: (1) withdrawal of forces of both sides from the 38th Parallel; (2) withdrawal of foreign forces from Korea. If so, the U.N. delegation would probably reply that the second stipulation involves "political" considerations which go beyond the simple arrangement of a cease-fire. As for the first, the difficulty is that, if "withdrawal" means that the two sides should be separated by a neutral zone whose axis would be the Parallel, the Americans would be very reluctant to evacuate the strategically important and expensively won "iron triangle" round Kaesong, and to retreat to a line tactically less suitable for defence.

The Second International

The re-establishment of the "Second International" comes at an awkward moment, when the Labour and Socialist Parties of the West are on the defensive and many of their leaders are thinking much less about Socialism than about co-operating with Western capitalism to hold Communism at bay. The International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, which has been meeting simultaneously with the Socialists, is dominated by the same issues to an even greater extent, with the American Federation of Labor determined to push it as far as possible in the direction of an anti-Communist crusade. The text of the new declaration of Socialist principles and policy which the "Second International" has been debating is not yet available; but if we may judge from the published summaries and reports of the discussion, the Western Socialists have moved a very long way since they met last in full conference before the war. Of Marxism, only a few vestigial relics are left; and the central notion seems to be that of a continuing "mixed economy" in which there will be plenty of room for capitalist as well as for socialised enterprise. Planning for full employment, rather than socialisation, seems now to be the key point; and at the same time the trade unions, under American influence, are being edged towards the type of "business unionism" which aims at getting the most out of capitalist enterprise rather than seeking to supersede it.

The "new Socialism" also reflects American influences in the emphasis which it puts on "democracy" rather than on collective working-class action; but it is also in part a by-product of the situation of most of the European Socialist Parties, which, faced with strong Communist movements, can no longer claim to represent a united working-class and can retain their parliamentary position only by alliances with non-Socialist parties—especially Catholic-social parties such as the M.R.P. The strength of Catholic influence in the American and other Trade Union movements has a similar effect.

New Deal in Nigeria

British administrative and constitutional reforms in the West African colonies since the war have not been fortunate. Geared to the hackney-trot of Victorian days, official thought has never managed to catch up with the speed of modern politics. Both in Nigeria and the Gold Coast the peoples have successively demanded, and obtained (though not without acute social strains and stresses), more than official reforms were at first prepared to give them. Thus both the new constitutions introduced into Nigeria and the Gold Coast in 1947 and 1946, respectively, proved practically unworkable from the start. The Burns constitution for the Gold Coast was displaced last year by a new one, making important concessions to the principles of self-government, and Kwame Nkrumah is now in power. The Richards constitution in Nigeria, no less vigorously opposed, is now superseded by an entirely new instrument, which, though probably going less far than in the Gold Coast, nonetheless makes some valuable concessions to Nigerian opinion.

The new Nigerian constitution is a delicate affair of checks and balances. It will be unpopular with Nationalist and progressive opinion, no doubt, because it is this trend of opinion which these checks and balances are obviously designed to restrain. The system of regional councils devised for the Richards constitution is not only upheld; the new constitution goes much further in concessions to regional autonomy. While there is to be a large increase in direct electoral representation on the regional councils, election to the central or federal Nigerian council is indirect: furthermore, the conditions governing suffrage seem unlikely to meet with widespread approval in Nigeria. The net effect may well be to increase communalism, which in turn will act as a means of increasing the influence of chiefs and other "traditional factors." It may also be questioned whether growing Nigerian nationalism will contentedly accept a constitution under which Nigerian Ministers have at best an equivocal responsibility—being much tied to permanent officials who are not Nigerians—and wide powers of veto are reserved for the Governor and the Secretary of State. The danger of inadequate concessions at this stage is that they may serve to exacerbate nationalist sentiment without strengthening the hand of those Nigerians who could give self-government a turn towards Socialism.

Village Schools

On another page we print an important article by Mr. R. A. Butler, prime author of the 1944 Education Act, on the difficult and controversial problem of village schools. His criticisms of the Ministry's policy are inspired by a genuine feeling for rural life, particularly in his own county of Essex—where it is intended to close down an unusually large number of schools—and the studied moderation of the argument will commend it to many readers. But there are certainly two sides to this problem. Mr. Butler himself concedes the very high costs of maintaining small, scattered schools and the difficulty of finding teachers ready to staff them. Nor, we take it, would he deny, in the case of many church schools, that educational standards are so low that the scholarship chances for the bright child are seriously reduced. This argument is not affected by the existence of special cases, such as we have ourselves pointed out, in which bureaucratic neatness insists on sending children from a good school to another some miles away, even though it is not as yet either better staffed or equipped. But the real issue which he raises is a deeper one. Can people be persuaded to stay on the land by artificially preserving "rural life"? Mr. Butler comments that life in the rural community cannot continue "if too many villages are sapped of the distinctive character and moral influence which have in the past given them personality." Surely the trouble is that in too many cases the distinctive character was feudal and the moral influence extremely narrowing.

The Government and B.B.C.

It was generally expected that the Government would endorse broadly the recommendation of the Beveridge Committee, and the White Paper (Cmd. 8291) published on Wednesday contains no dramatic surprises. When the statement of policy is debated in Parliament, criticism seems likely to be directed in the main to two points—first, the proposal that 15 per cent of B.B.C. revenue shall be appro-

priated by the Treasury; secondly, that "devolution" should be carried out by delegating to Regional Councils, drawn largely from Local Authorities, powers both to control the policy and content of programmes and also to appoint full-time staff. In view of the B.B.C.'s need of capital to develop both television and F.M. services there will be strong objection to the proposed Exchequer raid on its funds: the history of the Road Fund is a bad precedent, and it seems illogical to authorise the B.B.C. to borrow up to £10m. when its current revenue is being thus mulcted. The question whether the "regional" plan goes far enough to introduce the desirable elements of greater variety and healthy competition, and whether the suggested scheme will be compatible with efficient planning, will clearly need careful consideration.

Rearming Germany

A Washington correspondent writes: Diplomatic advices to the State Department say that Herbert Morrison and the British Chiefs of Staff now want to press ahead with the rearmament of Germany, but that French reactions to the proposal are distinctly less enthusiastic. It is thought here that American support for the idea of a new Wehrmacht is regarded in Paris as a manœuvre to compel France herself to enlarge a Defence programme which is already imposing a terrific strain on the French economy. As for the plan to rearm Western Germany, the programme is contained in a document of forty-odd pages—the joint product of two former Wehrmacht Generals, Hans Speidel and Adolph Heusinger, and the military *aides* of the Allied High Commissioners. Neither Britain nor France has yet officially approved the programme, but Washington regards most of it as reasonable.

The main features in the programme are understood to be (1) an Army totalling about 250,000, organised in six army corps, each of two divisions 12,000 strong, to be raised by the reintroduction of a two-year term of conscription; and (2) a tactical Air Force of at least 2,000 modern fighters, fighter bombers and light bombers, with a minimum personnel of 40,000.

It would not be surprising if France viewed this project askance, for this tactical *Luftwaffe* is about equal numerically to the comparable force at Hitler's disposal shortly before he launched World War II, and each unit would be much more powerful than the planes of 1939. Furthermore, the proposed Army is more than twice the size of that allowed Germany under the Treaty of Versailles, and it is apparently to have tanks, its full corps equipment of artillery, and much other up-to-date offensive equipment. In short, it is clear that what Washington has in mind is a force far larger and more formidable than the East German "Alert Detachments."

Slow Motion in France

Our Paris Correspondent writes: With all attention focused on Korea, Iran, and other events abroad, not to mention the *Tour de France* cycle race, that inevitable prelude to the summer holidays, public interest in the post-election wrangle is hard to maintain. Everybody knows that no new Government will be formed till after the *Fête Nationale* on July 14, and the self-congratulatory election *post-mortems* held by nearly all the "republican" parties do not carry much conviction. A Government of sorts is expected to be put together which will last till after the summer recess; only then will the real struggle for power begin.

The Socialists, at their Congress last week, could be roughly divided into those who, like Marceau Pivert and André Philip, were highly critical of the Party's governmental record and favoured going into opposition, and those who considered it their sacred mission to prevent the new Assembly from slipping too far to the Right. M. Ramadier argued that, "without sacrificing our doctrine and our ideas, we should propose a common programme acceptable to all." Finally it was decided to draw up (*a*) a programme for a Socialist (or Socialist-directed) Government—a hypothesis largely of academic interest—and (*b*) the minimum conditions for joining a Coalition Government. The Premier of such a Government would have to promise publicly to "improve the purchasing power of the workers" and "assure a juster distribution of the national income"; to do nothing that would undermine the nationalised industries and the present social security laws; and also to do nothing at all against the present system of State schools and *la laicité de l'Etat*.

The Communists have, of course, been jeering at all this, and, even more so, at the speech by M. Daniel Meyer, representing the "Left" of the Socialist Party. While rejecting any fraternisation with the Communists, M. Meyer thought that the Socialist Party must express not only the will of the 2.7 million Socialist workers, but also of the 5 million Communist voters: "We must be the spokesmen of those millions who are Socialists without knowing it!" Self-deception is a weakness of the French Socialists. For all that, the Socialists, part of the M.R.P. and a fraction of the Radicals (the "Herriotistes" as distinct from the "Daladieristes") are about the only groups in the new Assembly who are likely to preserve some tolerably progressive form of democracy in France, though the division on the school question is perhaps sharper to-day between the Socialists and the M.R.P. than it has ever been. (As one Socialist dismally put it, "if it weren't for that, what *would* distinguish us as Socialists in present conditions?"). Many sections of the M.R.P. are, however, squinting towards the Right, and are playing about with the singular idea of detaching from the Gaullist group a sufficient number of people willing to "serve the Republic on her own terms," and who, they claim, are "positively Left-wing at heart," and "quite unlike the General"!

An odd feature of the Socialist Congress was its great reticence on the once explosive subject of Indo-China. They seem to have accepted the convenient theory of M. Boutbien that, with Ho Chi Minh a back number, and Viet-Minh now "run by Moscow agents," there's nothing much that can be done about peace talks. Some anxiety was even expressed lest, after an armistice in Korea, the Chinese send troops to Indo-China to fight the French. But the most amusing theory on Indo-China (if "amusing" be permitted in such a grim context) was put forward by a good French Centre politician who, reversing the old argument that France could not, at the same time, build up a decent army in Europe and still run the ruinous war in Indo-China, remarked: "The war in Indo-China is what is keeping us thoroughly respectable in the eyes of Washington. As long as it lasts, they'll have to give us money; nor can they pester and bully us unduly over our slackness and our easy ways in Europe." This does not mean, of course, that if there's a proper armistice in Korea, the French will not try to press for a general Far-Eastern settlement.

By the way, news from Algeria and other "coloured" constituencies tells one continuous story of thoroughly cooked, stewed, hard-boiled and grilled elections.

PARLIAMENT: Save us from our friends

Wednesday

The Finance Bill has been buried, but the spectre of finance still haunts the House. On Wednesday, Hugh Gaitskell announced sombrely a great fall in the gold and dollar surplus of the sterling area in the second quarter of 1951. Too punch-drunk still from the shadow boxing on the Bill to take in the significance of the statement, the Opposition left it to Sidney Silverman to inquire how long it would be before the surplus became a deficit. To ask—but to get no answer.

Having missed the chance to make political capital on finance, the Tories took to smearing Ministers for sport. In a wild moment, at the Boxing Arena at Belle Vue, the Minister of Defence had declared recklessly that Britain wanted a reduction of armaments, and peace. Such an indiscretion was clearly fair game and Mr. Churchill made the most of it. The Prime Minister defended Mr. Shinwell on the ground that it was patently unfair to be "meticulous about other people's phrases". The speech, not isolated sentences, represented the point of view of H.M. Government. And had not Mr. Shinwell proved his pugnacity by his part in the now almost legendary Battle of the Docks? And the Government, he added, did want peace.

Mr. Churchill boiled at the "insulting insinuation" against the Conservative Party. The P.M. denied any insinuation. Tight-lipped with anger the two leaders faced each other across the dispatch boxes, whilst their massed cohorts behind cheered them both to the echo. At length. Mr. Churchill subsided to his seat, glowering and muttering, leaving Raymond Blackburn to rush in snapping at the Government's heels. Through it all, Mr. Shinwell sat, silent and unhappy, looking as embarrassed at the Left-wing benches from which the loudest cheering came, as at the attacks of his opponents.

On insinuations, H.M. Opposition is not a little touchy. On Thursday, Mr. Eden repeated Mr. Churchill's charge. Pledging the Opposition's support for the Government's support of Yugoslavia, Mr. Eden hoped that the promise would not be used as evidence of his Party's greater longing for war. Though indeed, the Government has helped the Opposition to control its wilder members in the Commons by sharing its secrets on the Government's intentions regarding Persia. In the Commons, the responsibility has led to restraint. There are now no questions on Persia that can persuade the country that the Tories would take stronger, even military measures, against Persian intransigeance. Unfortunately, however, there remain the Lords. Here the Alliance creaks at the seams, for here even Lord Salisbury is constrained to protest against the Government's deplorably weak attitude to Persian provocation. Like Mr. Shinwell, Mr. Eden might pray to be saved from his friends.

Even in the Commons, the Alliance over Persian oil does not extend to Argentine meat. If Captain Crookshank is to be believed, the Government cut off the meat supplies from Argentine deliberately to spite its own face. And according to Mr. Churchill, the Government's purpose now, in reviving the ration, is to win the election when it comes. Maurice Webb denied any interest in or knowledge of an impending election, though at the same time playing up to the full the fact of the increased ration. Captain Crookshank, equally disinterestedly, took over from his Leader and played up the increased price. It was Jennie Lee, however, who got the best of both worlds. She welcomed the increased ration as heartily as she deplored the decision to increase its cost.

TOM WILLIAMS

Think of a Number

ANEURIN BEVAN, Harold Wilson and John Freeman, who resigned primarily because they disagreed with the Chancellor's Budget, are joint sponsors of the *Tribune* pamphlet, entitled *One Way Only*. They have important trade union backing as well as wide support in the constituency parties; many back-bench M.P.s, not to speak of Cabinet Ministers, are in agreement with their arguments, differing only in the appraisal of the personal or political expediency of blurting out the truth. They represent an advanced guard, not a splinter section of the Labour movement; they have taken every precaution not to provoke a split, and the policy they put forward stresses and amplifies the mutual aid resolution passed enthusiastically at last year's Margate Conference. They are not prepared tamely to continue the process of slipping down the steep slope that leads to the abyss of war. They still believe there is a way out.

What is the argument between these ex-Ministers and their colleagues? It should be very familiar to readers of this journal. It turns on the presumed intentions of Russia and the best way of preventing war. No one doubts that strength is required if negotiations are to succeed, and that strength comes partly from military power, and partly from unity of purpose and economic stability. If it is held that Russia is expansive in the same sense as Hitler's Germany, then what has deterred the Kremlin from launching war during the last two years when it has had overwhelming military superiority? In our view, Russian policy is only to expand where social disintegration invites her armies to arrive as liberators. But, on the opposite assumption, it is clear that the deterrent must have been the threat of a long war with the West in which, as Stalin once remarked to Roosevelt, America's vast industrial potential would always win. In short, in so far as a military deterrent is important, the Atlantic Pact, which is in effect an American guarantee of Western Europe, is the effective force, not the size of any particular European country's armaments. For that reason *One Way Only* favours a military guarantee of Yugoslavia. The crux of the argument is how far rearmament in Europe weakens or increases this deterrent; at what point it becomes merely provocative and how far rearmament can go without destroying economic strength and internal unity.

Clearly this optimum figure of rearmament is highly controversial. The British figure decided last summer was £3,600 million. In 1951 it was raised to £4,700 million. We challenge any Government expert or any of the newspapers whose editorials have denounced *One Way Only* to give any rational basis for this figure. It was not originally calculated on any particular number of tanks or aeroplanes or other arms. It is an arbitrary figure which has become a symbol. It was a "psychic" bid, the product of Mr. Bevin's intuition. To add £1,100 million to the original total would please America and induce Washington to make a large contribution to an expenditure which the Cabinet then agreed we could not ourselves afford. The programme—and most experts privately agree with Mr. Aneurin Bevan on this—cannot be completed in the three-year period if only because of the shortage of raw materials. It also involves increasingly serious inroads upon the social services, the rapid process of inflation and that accompanying disillusion which has destroyed Social Democracy in one country after another in Europe and enabled Communism to become the dominant faith of the working classes. In short, the figure of £4,700 millions is a mere abracadabra; it is mystic, out of all proportion and without rational basis. It belongs to the old game we used to play as children: "Think of a number"—and square the Americans.

One Way Only suggests returning to the original idea of the Marshall Plan. During the war there were in America as well as in England those who saw the post-war problem in terms of the expenditure of the vast surplus of American industry. America would have to decide whether to develop backward areas—a T.V.A. for the Garden of Eden was the symbol of salvation—or to face the certainty of again being confronted with the classical choice between armaments and a slump. Here the argument of *One Way Only* is similar to that of a very widely circulated pamphlet in the United States, called *Let's Join the Human Race*, by Stringfellow Barr, and its demand for "a world plan for mutual aid" is supported by far-sighted Americans like Senator McMahon and Mr. Walter Reuther. Like Sir Richard Acland and Leslie Hale (whose pamphlet *Tanks into Tractors* is published this week by the Association for World Peace) the authors of *One Way Only* propose that Russia should be invited to co-operate in plans for technical and economic aid, but that if the Kremlin refuses, the West should not in any way be deterred, but should proceed without the Communist half of the world.

Perhaps the most forcible section of this pamphlet deals with the way in which President Truman's "Point Four," the Colombo Plan and other proposals for developing the backward areas of the world have been scaled down to tiny fractions of the original proposals. It is pointed out that the United States, with only 7 per cent. of the world's population, enjoys 42 per cent. of the world's income; that Mr. Truman, after demanding help for the free peoples of the world, proposed to Congress this year $8.5 billion to be spent on military and economic assistance to other countries and that, out of this, only some $600 million are apparently available for carrying out the purposes of Point Four. Even this is misleading, since two-thirds of it is to be spent on relief for Korea, Formosa and elsewhere, leaving only $200 million for the entire project of economic aid which in the more thoughtful speeches of American leaders was once rightly regarded as the most important counter to world Communism.

Rightly regarded? The lesson of China made that clear. Chinese Communism was not Russian-made; it would not have been victorious had not American aid for Chiang Kai-shek united the people behind the Communists and supplied them with arms sold or discarded by the Kuomintang. The same process of transforming national movements into Communist movements is at work elsewhere in South-East Asia; it follows from Western support for figures like Chiang Kai-shek, Bao Dai and Syngman Rhee. It is the quickest and least intelligent way of passing over the world to the Communists. The most important world event today is the revolt of the under-privileged colonial peoples, who have the right, as *One Way Only* puts it, "to complete their social revolution." The first principle of policy should be to assist those revolutions by economic and technical aid, instead of collaborating with counter-revolutionaries and so compelling nationalism to look to Moscow for support. Present American policy, against which Britain weakly struggles, is to spend American wealth in arming against newly-awakened nationalists who have been gratuitously turned into allies of the Soviet Union by our joint policy.

The programme that follows from this analysis is one that should commend itself to the rank-and-file of the Labour Party. It cannot be logically resisted by its leaders and it will appeal to millions of people in America and to most ordinary people throughout the free world. It is founded on the truth that we are at present heading for world war; that when we say, as politicians of all parties do, that they wish to reach an agreement with Russia, this must be a real wish and not merely a pious tag designed to make a rearmament programme more palatable; that part, and perhaps the most important part, of the strength through which we must negotiate is economic and moral; that this means, in terms of the vast backward areas of the world, a partnership with the newly awakened colonial peoples and, in so far as Britain and other industrial countries are concerned, a resolve to maintain their standard of living and their belief in their own future. *One Way Only* does not propose disarmament, but presents, at home, a programme of defence and fair shares in place of breakneck rearming and inflation, and, abroad, a planned attack on poverty and disease.

The Future of Village Schools

THE authors of the recent Education Act, in particular the present Home Secretary and I, took special care to omit from the measure the previous legal provision that a small school must be able to muster 30 pupils if it was to avoid the danger of closure. We also provided that no school could be closed unless the "notice procedure" under Section 13 had been complied with. Finally, we insisted on the Minister's consent being obtained before any school could be shut. Thus we fondly imagined that we were doing our best to preserve small country schools, which I still feel are a vital feature of rural life.

As part of what was known at the time as the Religious Settlement, the Act laid down that every voluntary school should be given the choice of becoming aided or controlled. I

never envisaged that this part of the settlement would in fact be by-passed by the fact that development plans of certain Local Education Authorities have decreed that schools should be closed, in some cases before the managers have been able to exercise the option under the Act.

No one could accuse the present genial Minister of a policy of closing village schools deliberately; nevertheless, 370 have been closed in four years. The grandiose report on Education 1900-1950 just published states laconically, without tear or comment, that 67 of the schools closed during the last year alone are in rural districts. All but one are primary schools. The report states "most of them had unsatisfactory premises."

This figure may not seem very large for England as a whole, but when we look at the single county of Essex, we learn from the Information Officer of the Chelmsford Diocesan Council for Religious Education that 134 village schools, many of them voluntary, are scheduled for closing in the next few years. Of these, 73 have more than 50 on the roll and only 24 have less than 30.

My correspondence from various parts of the country indicates that a "massacre of the innocents" on a large scale is contemplated; not, it is true, upon one St. Bartholomew's Eve, but spread in a long-drawn-out agony over the years to come. It has been stated that some 1,800 village schools are condemned. We are, therefore, facing a situation which was not envisaged and indeed is strongly deplored by many who have the best interests of education at heart.

The reason for the closure of more village schools must be sought in all fairness in the economic difficulties facing most Local Education Authorities. Taking the County of Essex as an example, I am informed that the cost per place for pupils in the average smaller rural school works out at something like three times as much as the County average as a whole. It is difficult to assess such statistics, the value of which has been indignantly contested. It is clear, however, that Authorities are concerned at the shortage of teachers. They jump at the possibility of closing smaller units and of thus concentrating their teaching staff and expenses on centralised institutions. At the same time, it is to be remembered that the costs of chariotting children about the country increase yearly, and that this item has now attracted much adverse comment owing to the alarming proportions of the total sums involved.

When one faces up to the question of whether this rot of closure can be stopped, one must ask oneself first what is the purpose of true education? What is really best for children whose fathers and mothers live and work in a village community? Can the present tendency be checked in such a manner that proper regard is held for the very real financial problems of our Local Education Authorities at the present time?

For me, true education means nothing unless there is an intimate relationship between the teacher and the taught. The "rapports" set up between the Scottish dominie and his pupil resulted in the past in the excellent equipment obtained by Scottish children even in the remotest Highlands. In such instances the child had infused into it not only a smattering of learning but also a deep wisdom. The child was in fact grafted on to the stem of tradition. In a village school where there is a competent, even if elderly, schoolmaster or schoolmistress, such a happy relationship may result in permanent advantage to the children, who are thus wise as well as instructed. From the point of view of true education, therefore, what matters is not the size of the unit but whether a personal influence can be exerted by the teacher and derived by the pupil.

In the recent case which received some nation-wide publicity, of the school of Lindsell, where the Vicar and a devoted team of helpers tried hard to keep their school going against the orders of the Local Education Authority, it was sad to see the spirit of independence and the contact between lively personalities and the children cut by the decree of the Minister. I have, in my possession, the official letter intimating that the Minister had decided to close the school, the justification being: "The children will develop individually and socially, in contact with children from other villages, with the result that each should be better able to contribute to the distinctive life of the rural community."

This leads me to consider whether the life of the rural community is improved by the centralisation of village schools and children. I do not see how there can be "life in the rural community" if too many villages are sapped of the distinctive character and moral influence which have, in the past, given them personality. To-day we hear of benefices being amalgamated and schools being closed. Thus in some parishes the influence of the Church and of the school is to be removed by one fell swoop of the axe. It is doubtful whether in such "deserted villages" the generous intentions of the Ministry to assist with halls and playing fields will ever apply. We shall tend to create little isolated groups of houses intent chiefly upon the economic activities of the day, or acting as dormitories for distant factories.

The administration of the Act is in the hands of the Authorities. I have welcomed provisions in some development plans, under which small village schools are to be kept open—at any rate for the younger children up to 9. I have never believed that 11 years as a change-over age is sacrosanct. By keeping the younger children in the villages, the much-to-be-desired contact between them and their mothers might the more readily be preserved, while the advantage to the older children of a wider education might be provided.

Finally, how can the rot be stopped? Here, as in almost every other aspect of the present expansion and development of the social services, we are trying to do too much at once. The Minister should withhold his consent to any proposal for closure, which is hasty or unreasonable. Authorities' development plans cannot be put into force at once. It may well be that many plans are in fact "phased." By this I mean that Authorities do not really mean to proceed with the closure of certain schools in the foreseeable future. In view of the economic situation, it would surely be wise if plans were not only "phased," but if public statements were to be made indicating that an interim plan would operate under which the lives of certain schools would be preserved, and that the future of these schools would be reviewed when there is more likelihood of a fair decision being taken as to whether they can be carried on. I have reason to believe that this commonsense way of "facing the future" would be welcomed by the Denominations. It would comfort many a parent in the countryside and restore a warmer human relationship between authority and village family life.

R. A. Butler

London Diary

Anxiety about the state of the world, preoccupation with a great deal of pressing work, a conviction that professional boxing is, in any case, a racket rather than a sport—I forgot them all in the almost unbearable excitement of listening to the broadcast of the Turpin fight. Who in all the world where American culture spreads its balm had not heard of Sugar Ray Robinson? Of the pink Cadillac? Of the exotically named sparring partners? Of the ladies of the court. . . the golf professional, the music-maker and the dwarf? And who did not know that behind this imperial façade stood the most ruthless scientific fighter of the last quarter of a century? Turpin's victory was straight out of a fairy-story. The local boy from Leamington Spa became the giant-killer and we all felt bigger and better in consequence. Not only had the under-dog won in the ring. The spit and sawdust of the Midland booths had overcome the purple and gold of upper-crust Harlem. Europe had risen from the gutter and thrashed the Prince of the Dollar Empire. Such rare experiences purge us and unite us. Morale rises. Russia and America seem to sink once again to the proportions which every real Englishman believes are theirs by right. Even the Government becomes *our* Government and can be sure of re-election on such a morning after. But how to plan such an election? The date could be fixed; but to make absolutely certain I fear that the fight would also have to be fixed.

* * *

I notice that one or two Opposition newspapers are asking how the authors of *One Way Only* got access to "the secret" that the original arms programme of £3,600 millions was calculated on the assumption that the Americans would provide £550 millions of "free dollars," and that the British contribution would therefore only amount to £3,050 millions. The story of the missing dollars is an interesting one. Since it is known not only to every editor in Fleet Street but also to every American newspaper reader, I can see no harm in retelling it here. Directly after the House of Commons recessed at the beginning of the Korean War, the Treasury began work on a memorandum to be submitted to Washington. Strange to recall, the main object of this Government paper was to obtain the maximum amount of American help by putting the figure of rearmament which Britain could physically afford *as high as possible*. So, in the September Defence Debate, £3,600 millions was fixed as the British maximum and Mr. Gaitskell stressed that this maximum would be impossible without sub-

stantial American assistance. Up to the last moment it had been intended to be even more explicit, and to mention the figure of £550 millions as the American contribution without which we could not do the job. Then—partly because Mr. Douglas, the American Ambassador, thought it would scare Congress and partly because some members of the Cabinet hoped to get more if no figure were mentioned—the words "substantial aid" were substituted for £550 millions. But when Mr. Gaitskell got to Washington his hopes were dashed. Instead of offering more than we expected, the Americans offered nothing at all. Indeed they treated the £3,600 millions as a minimum British contribution and it was dutifully increased four months later to £4,700 millions. The moral is obvious enough. Those who ask don't get: and those who don't ask don't want.

* * *

It will be a great pity if all the Centenary talk about Julius Reuter and his carrier pigeons obscures the real achievement which Reuter's justifiably celebrates this week. Without this agency, with its vast centralised collection and distribution of news, the popular press could not exist. To-day newspapers cannot afford the cost of collecting hot news from all over the world through their own correspondents, and no private company can make money by supplying it. The result is that in most European countries news agencies are subsidised by governments, with deplorable results on the quality of the news provided. In the U.S., many years ago, a different solution was found. Groups of newspapers joined together to support co-operative agencies, and the first example was the Associated Press. What happened in Britain was rather different. Reuter's began as a private commercial service providing the latest stock-market prices; indeed political news was a secondary consideration during the time of its founder. The development of the popular press produced a sudden demand for a different, and far more expensive, kind of news collection; but Reuter's remained a private concern, closely allied with the French Havas and the German Wolf agencies right up to the 1914-18 war, when it fell under grave suspicion of Government influence after its chairman Roderick Jones became Director of Propaganda. Then, in the inter-war years, there began the long-drawn-out struggle with the American agencies, in the course of which Roderick Jones brought in the provincial press as part owners. Faced with a financial crisis in 1940, he was on the point of accepting a close tie-up with the Government, when the provincial papers, headed by Sir William Haley, now the Director-General of the B.B.C., rebelled. Sir Roderick resigned. Under that remarkable man Christopher Chancellor, Reuter's was once again reorganised, completely independent of the Government, as a co-operative concern—this time with the London newspapers included as proprietors. Since the war this process has developed. The Australian and New Zealand papers joined the co-operative, and Chancellor showed real vision by paralleling the Cripps offer to India and inviting the Indian newspapers to join with complete equality of status.

All this and a great deal more is to be found in *Reuter's Century* by Graham Storey (Parish, 10s. 6d.). It is a fascinating story told with a commendable candour. It only leaves me with one doubt. Certainly a co-operative agency run by the newspapers is greatly preferable to a Government-subsidised concern. But the danger of such vast news monopolies can be seen by buying all the popular papers one morning and reading their foreign news stories which are often labelled "from our own correspondent." You may often find that half a dozen of these stories are identical and, where they are not, the difference is mainly due to editorial re-hashing of the agency stories. Everyone is aware of the vast responsibilities which fall on the B.B.C. as the public monopoly in broadcasting. But in the sphere of news—and that includes selecting and interpreting—the real authority is not Broadcasting House or the newspaper office, but a few big agencies which now virtually decide what shall be the news and what shall not.

* * *

Until we know more of the Kaesong talks, it is still premature to conclude that the Communist line has really switched. But there are signs that it may be moving in what may be most easily described as a Litvinov-Maisky direction. There was the prompt and "not unhelpful" manner—I use the State Department's phrase—in which Soviet diplomacy followed up the Malik truce proposal. Then the Russians turned up at the Berlin Kommandatura meeting just as if they had never been away for the Cold war. In Tokio, the top Soviet representative, for the first time in years, attended the American Independence Day celebrations. Add to this the significant speech by the Mayor of Peking, Peng Chen, who is also a member of the Chinese Politbureau. In what was clearly a polemic against inflexible sectarians, he quoted both Lenin and Stalin to support collaboration with non-Communists and the thesis of peaceful co-existence. Finally, there are the changes of tone in the Communist press. I note that *l'Humanité* is talking of "universal peace" ensuing after a Korean settlement, and Communist papers elsewhere have dropped much of their fearsome talk about the hyena-like ferocity of Western warmongers. All this, of course, may be just a new variant of the Peace Campaign. But if it is more than this, Moscow may have to be very patient. After the marching and counter-marching we have had in the years since Dimitrov launched the Popular Front, it will take time to convince the Fascist beasts and reptiles that they have been translated into peace-loving friends of progressive humanity.

* * *

Never let it be said that England is dull for the pedestrian. At the end of last week a colleague of mine had occasion to visit Leek, that upland Staffordshire town, where Huguenot settlement has a present-day hangover in silk mills and dye works. On Sunday, he went walking on the high moors. Trudging up the broad back of Morridge, whence you look clear across to the Wrekin, he first found, on the summit of Merryton Low, a party of radio amateurs. The mast of their transmitting aerial was lashed to the 1,603 ft. benchmark. Encamped with mountaineering tent, folding beds and sleeping bags, they were taking part in a week-end competition to establish the longest possible two-way traffic in signals on a 2-metre waveband—an agreeable and surprising combination of science and fresh air. Marching on, my colleague made for the northern slope of the Roaches—that dramatic and (to Southerners) little-known ridge of tumbled sandstone rocks with an incomparable view over five counties. There, to his astonishment, he put up a herd of (apparently) wild deer. But the crowning surprise came on the Roaches' southern slope: scrambling over a stone dyke he found himself in company with three Welsh cows and an immense, fortunately impassive, bison. This is, after all, the country of the English Eccentrics. CRITIC

LAND OF HOPE AND WORRY

Britain's belts must be tighter yet.—Mr. Gaitskell, July 4.

Dear land for rising costs renowned,
Thou shalt be dearer yet!
Thou hast incurred, though goods abound,
An even mightier debt!
The price-freeze has not been maintained,
State subsidies expand,
And living costs soar unrestrained
Throughout this dear, dear land.

Land of rising prices, higher still to be,
How avert the crisis soon to fall on thee?
Cut down your expenses—payments must be met—
Budgets for defences will be mightier yet!

Consumer goods must soon be short,
Thy sons have lived too well,
Too much they buy, too much import,
Too little make and sell.
A higher ceiling we must place
On shoes and radios,
On textiles, corsets, curtain-lace
And brassières and hose.

Land of Law and Orders, praised from sea to sea,
How make Britain's hoarders learn economy?
Now from every quarter comes a looming threat,
Goods are getting shorter—they'll be shorter yet!

Dear land, thy way is hard and stern,
Thy balance is adverse;
By awful warnings must thou learn
Things go from bad to worse.
To more controls must thou submit,
Austerity renew—
An ever mightier deficit
Continues to accrue.

Land of hope and worry, bugbear of the free,
How may we control thee from the Treasury?
Loads may not be lightened—bounds must still be set—
Belts that have been tightened must be tighter yet!
Belts that have been tightened, make them tighter yet!

SAGITTARIUS.

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

All my life I have suffered from very hairy ears. Two years ago a friend told me that this was because I was a Liberal. . . . This so impressed me that I joined the Socialist Party, and now I have very hairy backs to my hands too.—Letter in *Daily Mail*. (W. Farrell.)

In the Cathedral I watched the Queen for a time. She knew all the words of The Star-Spangled Banner.—*Evening Standard*. (M. Dexter.)

The commodity markets are watching the possibility of an outbreak of peace in Korea with anxious eyes.—*Economist*. (E. Klare.)

Holiday Island

I. Kippers for Tea

Early on a Saturday morning, the queue forms at the Victoria Pier for the Liverpool boats, which leave as fast as they can be loaded. For the holidaymakers, the week is over: huddled in the saloons or, if they are steerage passengers, soaked and sick on the open deck when the weather is bad, they are on their way back to Bolton and Burnley and Blackburn. The boat pulls in to the Prince's Stage four hours later; as the voyagers disembark, they pass another Saturday queue waiting to be shipped to the Isle of Man. This is not yet the peak of the season. On the Saturday before Bank Holiday, the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company will carry more than thirty-thousand people each way. The traffic pattern, with its Saturday peaks, is shaped by the boarding-house bookings and these, in turn, are tied to industrial holidays and especially to the Wakes Weeks of the North. Last week, for instance, was Bolton Week: next week is Glasgow Fair. And so, through the season, the accents you hear on Strand Street in Douglas change, and the souvenir boxes of Manx kippers are posted off in bulk to different towns.

The kipper, indeed, is part of the ritual of a Manx holiday. Walk up Derby Road at tea-time; the aroma of the cooking kipper drifts out of the boarding-houses into the street. It belongs to Douglas just as much as the horse-trams on the promenade, the Villa Marina, the shops selling brass knick-knacks, and the "Mystery Tours" of the island by motor-coach which siphon off the tourists who want to see what lies over the hill. There can be few resorts which conform so closely to the stereotype of the seaside holiday; yet, within a few miles, there is a range of unspoilt mountain and coastal scenery which the average visitor sees only fleetingly as his coach stops at Sulby Glen or Glen Willyn or Port Erin. For Douglas is, in a sense, the factory which contains the main industry of the island—the tourist trade. Last year, the Steam Packet Company and the air-lines took more than 535,000 visitors to the Isle of Man—half of them from Lancashire and Yorkshire—and most of them stayed in Douglas. In spite of complaints that this is a poor season, much the same number will go this year, though they may spend a little less. The season opens in May and closes in mid-September, with the special attractions of the professional and amateur T.T. Races. Between these dates, the islanders must earn enough to last for the remaining eight months.

The whole of the island's economy is thus geared to the four-month season. It has no exports of importance. It has no industry that matters. And its fifty-thousand people depend in one way or another on the money brought across by the visitors. It is significant that the largest enterprise on the island is the Steam Packet Company, which earned over a million pounds last year, and that this is followed by the bus company, the "Emmet" railway, and the Manx Electric trams, which link Douglas and Ramsey and climb to the summit of Snaefell. If fares are comparatively high, it is for the same reason that other prices are higher than on the mainland. The squirrels must gather acorns for the winter. Much capital is tied up, in boarding-houses as well as transport, in cafés and dance-halls, which has an effective earning power only for part of the year, and summer revenue must meet off-season overheads.

Yet the islander's dilemma is how to carry these overheads and yet keep the price of a Manx holiday equal to or below its equivalent in Blackpool or Llandudno. They must, if they can, offer an overall cost which offsets the boat fare (39s., First; 29s., Steerage) and this is done, partly, by cheaper amusements—the island has no Entertainment Tax—and partly by boarding-house rates based upon a large turnover and capacity bookings in the season. There are a few places in Douglas where the old system prevails, whereby the boarder pays a few shillings for his bed, providing his own food for the landlady to cook. But full board can still be obtained for as little as ten shillings a day, in spite of higher living costs estimated, in a wage arbitration last week, at 4s. 6d. a week above the mainland.

Douglas is the island's money-spinner: crowded between the mountains and the sea, nearly half of the island's fifty thousand permanent residents live there. Apart from a few thousands in Ramsey, Peel and Castletown, the remainder are scattered in small villages and on the farms which cater to the hotels and boarding-houses. Agriculture, here, is part of the tourist trade, and the island is chequered with market gardens growing vegetables and soft fruit. Meat is virtually all home-killed and the ration is higher than in England. Pork is unrationed. And the fishing industry, too, works for the visitor. The herring boats will land about a hundred and fifty crans at Peel on most mornings: this is what the kipper curers can handle for domestic use and the postal trade. If the catch is larger, some of the boats will make straight for mainland ports, where it will be turned into dyed kippers or fish-meal. For though Peel lives on the kipper, its export trade is confined to a few areas where the taste for the genuine oak-smoked fish is kept up by yearly visits to the island. Over the water, the curers tell you sadly, dye has found its place on the English palate. Dye is forbidden by Manx law, and so to-day Peel only sends out half a dozen boats and Manx waters are mostly fished by mainland drifters.

The decline of the herring fishery is typical of the island's old occupations. In the old days of the Derbys and the Duke of Atholl, it was a smuggler's paradise. The passage of the Mischief Act in 1765 and the unification of Customs put an end to that. The old woollen mills, with a few exceptions, are ruins or converted to other uses, for the sheep have given way to cauliflowers and cabbage. On the hills you will find fenced-in shafts, the relics of the lead-zinc mines. And at Laxey, the giant water-wheel, "Lady Isabella," still turns, though the deep lead mine this masterpiece of early industrialisation pumped dry was closed in the Depression, when lead hit its bottom price. Down in Laxey village, Nelson Kewley, the last foreman in the mine, now sells buttonholes to the visitor for whom "Lady Isabella" has become a tourist sight. Metals there are still; but though there are others beside Mr. Kewley who will argue that, if miners could be found, there are rich seams to be struck, prospectors to-day are looking not for lead but uranium.

The island cannot now live without the mainland, and everyone knows it. Without the tourists there would be no income for townspeople or farmers, and no income for the Manx Government. Out of season, the islanders can take in each others' washing; work can be found on forestry schemes and roads and harbours for those who are discharged as the last tourist boats leave for Liverpool. But the island lives for the four summer months which bring it prosperity. And this simple fact dominates everything, even the traditional antagonism between Douglas and the countryside, which to-day still finds expression in debates in the Tynwald and in the refusal of the country members of the House of Keys to re-distribute seats to give Douglas more representatives. Even to-day the representation of each "sheading" (constituency) is based on acreage and not on population. It may be, too, that the fear that more seats for the towns would mean more seats for Labour plays some part in the preservation of this archaic system.

Norman MacKenzie

Isle of Man, July.

The Encroaching Desert

After a few days in Basutoland, we motored south into the Transkei. I wanted to see how this greatest of the Native Reserves of the Union would compare in appearance with the British Protectorate of Basutoland, which is also (in all but name) another vast reserve for cheap mining labour. So we motored southwards from Maseru along the narrow strip of lowland that is all, except for the impenetrable mountains, that the Boers left to Moshesh and the Basuto nation. In these lowlands between Maseru and Mohalieshoek the British Administration has still to apply the soil-conservation measures which they have now completed so successfully in the mountains: here the erosion is unchecked. Rain-tracks and cattle-tracks have eaten deep jagged gulfs, called *donga*s, into the dull red soil; from the steeper hillsides the torrents of winter have dragged away wide sheets of soil, so that the country has the sick and naked look of wrinkled yellow hide. Yet within living memory many of these hillsides waved with the rich "red grass" that made this country fat with food.

Beyond Mafeteng the country opens into a broad valley where there are many kraals of the lowland Basuto, umber-red huts that are easy to miss among the hills but for the blue-green frieze of cactus that the people use for hedging. To the right of the road a series of little hills, each like a small pointed breast and capped with a stony nipple, divides the Protectorate from the limitless veld of the Orange Free State. These little hills run down to Mohalieshoek and there lose themselves in the rock-ridged chain of the Drakensberg. Here we crossed the Caledon river into the Free State, and swung left through Zastron to cross the Orange at the bridge of Mayaputi, roughly the place where Smuts's commando stole by night into the Cape Province fifty years ago. Fresh from its mountain sources in Basutoland, the Orange charges down a rocky gorge which Smuts's men found difficult to ford; you can watch it, a rich chocolate in colour, filching away the good soil of Basutoland as it has now done, day by day, for forty years and more.

A rough earth road, easily passable in good weather, runs south along the steep valley of the Telle River and climbs to the summit of Lundeans Nek. At about eight thousand feet, Lundeans Nek is one of the highest and most spectacular passes in all South Africa: from here you can see the snow-sloped peaks that border the gorge of the Orange far into Basutoland, and southward the blue hills of the Transkei and of Pondoland. In between, there licks a broad tongue of splendid farming land where European farmsteads are set among groves of blue-gum and cypress at intervals of every few miles. Pass from this pleasant country across the saddle of intervening hills into the next broad basin of farming land, and you understand at once what the Native Reserves mean to South Africa. The country is much the same in type, with long slopes of good arable interspersed with woods and streams, yet there is

all the difference in the world. To the north of the Barkly Pass the European farms enclose many thousand acres each; to the south of the Pass, the huts of the Pondo and Tembu and Hlubi are scattered in their hundreds and tens of hundreds, so that the country almost loses its rural nature. If you were to go through these densely populated valleys after dark and if the huts had lights (which they never do), you could mistake yourself for approaching the suburbs of a great city. Families here are lucky to have five acres each; and many have none.

There is nothing new in this over-population of the Transkei (or of other Native Reserves): as long ago as 1936 a White Paper on land policy said of the Reserves that "speaking generally" they were "congested, denuded, overstocked, eroded, and for the most part in a deplorable condition." In 1948, the report of the Native Laws Commission quoted the Assistant Director of Native Agriculture on conditions in the Ciskei Reserve as saying that: "Over perhaps ten per cent of the total area, the incidence of soil erosion may be described as slight; over fifty per cent as bad; over the balance, as nothing less than terrifying." In its Ninth Report, published in 1946, the Social and Economic Planning Council remarked upon "the incapacity of the Native Reserves to provide even the minimum subsistence requirements under present conditions."

To get the matter in perspective, it is well to remember that the Native Reserves of the Union form only thirteen per cent of the country's area but accommodate about half the rural population, or about three million Africans. They date back, for the most part, to the "period of incorporation"; but from the earliest days they were intended to serve as reservoirs for cheap mining labour. The hut tax imposed in the 'Nineties, according to a memorandum of the Department of Native Affairs, was "primarily raised for revenue, but it was also a strong endeavour to force the Natives to work as it was quite impossible for those residing away from European centres to raise the necessary money to pay the abovementioned taxes, and many were thus forced to come and work in the towns and on the mines." Speaking on his Glen Grey Act of 1894, which imposed among other things a poll tax of ten shillings which the local peoples could not possibly earn at home, Rhodes told the Legislative Assembly of the Cape Colony that "you will remove them (the Africans) from that life of sloth and laziness, you will teach them the dignity of labour and make them contribute to the prosperity of the State, and make them give some return for our wise and good government." The acquirement of cheap labour by monetary taxation of a people largely strange to money economy has been, and remains, a foundation of "native policy" not only in the Union but also in the British Protectorates.

But a reservoir, if it is to continue to give forth, must be looked after. Far from developing the Reserves (and the inhabitants themselves are generally stock-raising people who do not cultivate the soil except for a little maize and kaffircorn), the "wise and good government" of South Africa has not even looked after them. The condition of soil and people is to-day alike disastrous, and has probably reached the point of ruin where the Government, if only to prevent its main sources of cheap labour from drying up through death and disease, will have to come forward with urgent first-aid. Dr. Rijno Smit, while chief medical officer in the Transkei in 1943, said that only fifty per cent. of African infants could be taken as surviving beyond the age of 16 years. According to data collected by Dr. Mary Macgregor in 1940 and 1941, at the Umtata Health Unit in the Transkei, 36.4 per cent. of 1,426 children born alive died before the age of two years, and 46.1 per cent. died before the age of 16 years. Fox, another tried investigator, found that the mean death rate for African infants in the Ciskei, Transkei, and Basutoland was 242 for every 1,000 live births under the age of one year, 327 under the age of two years, and no less than 508 before the age of 18 years. TB is not the only disease which now shows signs of reaching an appalling incidence. J. and T. Gillman, in their *Perspectives in Human Malnutrition* (New York, 1951), found after much research that "the evidence at hand indicates that pellagra is one of the commonest nutritional syndromes in South Africa. Not only is the disease widespread, but its incidence is increasing at an alarming rate, especially during the last five or six years."

All sorts of well-meaning and ill-meaning people in South Africa like to say that the Reserves are capable, if properly farmed, of supporting a much larger population than they do, and that they are really quite big enough already. It is hard to believe that such nonsensical opinions can survive the evidence to the contrary. Taking seven districts which could be regarded as a cross-section of the Transkei, Dr. Rijno Smit told the Native Mine Wages Commission in 1944 that 36 per cent. of families owned five head or more of cattle, that 20 per cent. owned five head or less, but that 44 per cent. owned none at all—and yet these Reserves are already carrying twice as much stock as they should. While the normal requirements for a "standard family" in the Ciskei are estimated at 13 bags of maize a year, the average family yield in the Ciskei is reliably put at only seven bags. Houghton and Philcox, in a recent study of family income and expenditure in the Ciskei, found that 260 families in the Keiskama Hoek district were spending over half their meagre income in buying food. Most authorities agree that these Reserves can no longer be regarded as agricultural areas in the proper sense of the word, since nearly half their cash income derives from the wages of migrant labour. The Native Laws Commission of 1948 noted that nearly thirty per cent of the families in the Reserves are landless, "in spite of the fact that the average unit of arable land is sub-economic."

In face of these things, the Government of Malan (and the Government of Smuts before it) has muttered in irritation that it is buying more land, that it is "doing a great deal for the Natives," that the real fault lies with the Natives themselves, who have ruined the land. Yet Dr. Smit, speaking in the Assembly in 1949, pointed out that "at the present rate of progress, it will take 25 years to buy the balance of 3m. morgen of land promised to the Natives in 1936"; and the rate of purchase has not significantly improved.

The fact of the matter is that South Africa cannot any longer withstand the consequences of reckless "mining" in agriculture. It is not only the Natives who ruin the land. The White farmers, making money as fast as they can on their five- and ten-thousand-acre farms, are often no better. Speaking of the Weenen district, the same Dr. Smit told the Assembly that "nowhere in the Union, not even in the overcrowded Native Reserves, are there such devastating results of over-population and lack of control as can be seen in these European-owned labour farms. It is an example of wilful destruction of the country's wealth. Over large areas nothing remains of what was once fertile country." The findings of the Desert Encroachment Commission, set up in 1948 and still at work, are expected to contain a sharp condemnation of much European farming.

The real crisis in South Africa is not political. The real crisis is one that reaches down to the foundations of this extractive economy, this "White civilisation" which is so ardently and busily cutting the lifeline not only of the Blacks but of the Whites as well.

BASIL DAVIDSON

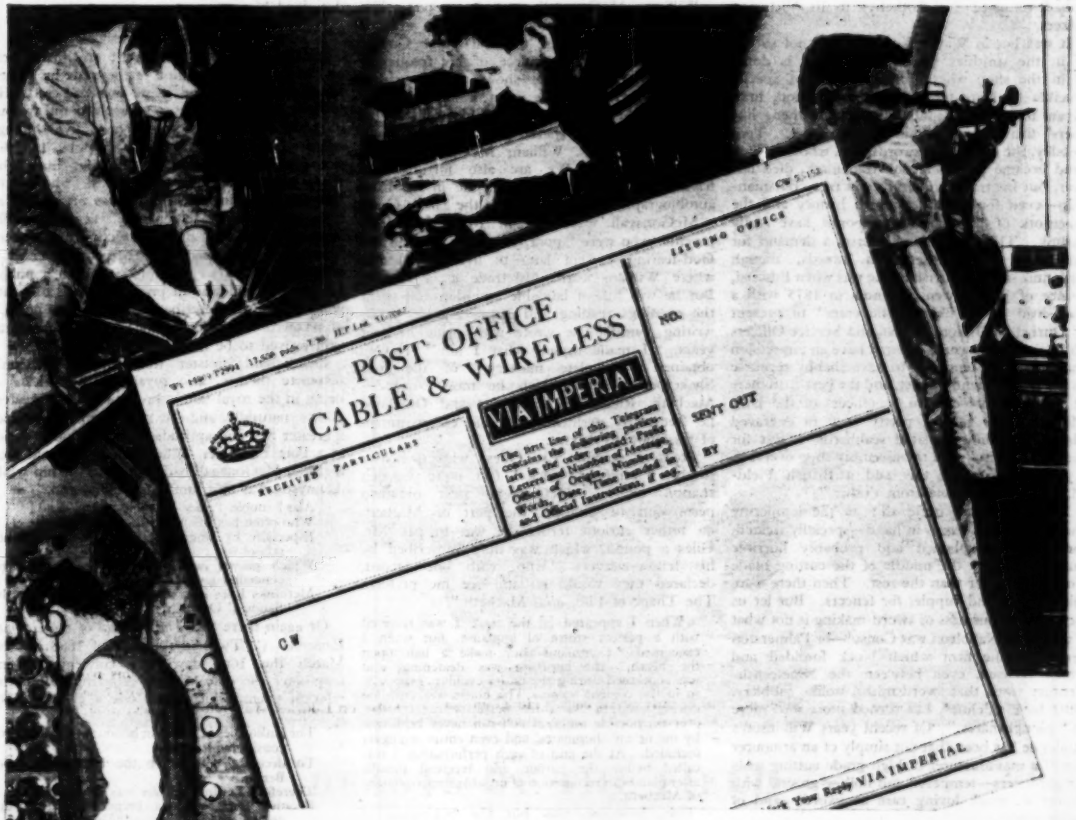
Umzimkulu, East Griqualand.

Elegant Death

OUT Acton way, where only the fitful appearance of a persevering No. 7 Bus reminds one that Holborn is not so far off as it feels, Wayland sits behind a desk, in a pleasantly casual, untidy office crowded with Victorian furniture and an armourer's bric-à-brac. He is, in fact, not a mythical but a perfectly real person: the great sword, a true *claidheamh mór*, in the cupboard behind him, was not forged for Merlin but is a working model of the Gift of Honour bestowed on Stalingrad by Britannia before she discovered that the Russian Bear was a wolf making passes at her virtue. Immaculately shirt-sleeved and clean shaveh, as is appropriate (one would suppose) in a merchant of elegant death, Wayland interrupts his learned discourse to you on historic swords and their makers in order to turn aside and, incongruously, sign a bundle of cheques. You are talking to a director of the Wilkinson Sword Company, an old and (in its calling) honoured firm which, in its heyday, revived for England the traditions of Solingen and Toledo.

It was in 1772 that Henry Nock, a London swordsmith who tired of working singlehanded, took one James Wilkinson as his partner. Together these two craftsmen set up a small workshop on Ludgate Hill. In one sense, time had already cheated them of their market. Beau Nash had long since played his part in discouraging the wearing of smallswords; and though Charles James Fox may have used a Nock-Wilkinson sword when he fought Adams in 1779, and Ludgate Hill blades clashed between Canning and Castlereagh when they "met" as late as 1809, the settlement of points of honour between gentlemen was going out with the Georges. On Nock's death, it was to the military that the Wilkinson enterprise had to look for custom. It came in good measure when Napoleon's activities put an end to imports of Continental swords; and from Ludgate Hill the firm moved to a small factory in Gray's Inn Road, where Henry Wilkinson, son to James, reaped the benefit of a now established name. It was not, however, until the First Boer War, when the Wilkinson Sword Company established a considerable factory in Chelsea, that mass production for the ends of death was organised. Thereafter, cavalry swords and infantry bayonets for "other ranks" were turned out in quantity: the Second Boer War took the firm to still larger works at Acton, and in World War I it was called on to produce 80,000 cavalry swords and 2½ million bayonets.

Would the early Wilkinsons have approved of this commercialisation of their art? One cannot say; but let us record that, up to the time the original firm celebrated its century, no swords were made save for the hands of gentlemen. And here, in Wayland's office, their memory is perpetuated in fat little books of numbered counterfoils, each corresponding to the number engraved on the delivered sword. I picked up an old, immensely long officer's sword which was rubbing shoulders in an umbrella stand with a couple of copies of Elizabethan rapiers made the other day for Alec Guinness's *Hamlet*. We checked its number with the library: "Lord Lucan, Life Guards, 1865";



Behind the Cables—*the Company*

Cable and Wireless Ltd own the whole Commonwealth ocean cable network and quite a large slice of the world's total cable mileage. In fact, the Company control 180,000 miles of submarine cable, maintaining and developing it where necessary by their own fleet of eight cableships. The external telecommunications of most of the Crown Colonies are operated by the Company.

A message from Britain to a Crown Colony, for example, would be despatched by the G.P.O. via the Company's cables, or sent to the Company's wireless station in the Colony concerned.

KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS. Top: Left to Right—*Painting a cable. A ship's officer plotting the position of a cableship. Taking sextant angles from the bridge of a cableship.* Left—*A section of a control panel in a telegraph station. Deck machinery drawing a length of cable aboard a cableship.*

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it had returned *via* Sothebys to its Victorian makers.

It was hot in Wayland's office, but not so hot as in the smithies where the forging is done, or in the shop where forged blades of special crucible steel are tempered by immersion, first, in an incandescent saline bath and then, like friers' fish and chips, in a vat of oil. Tom Beasley, the old master swordsmith, whose capped head became the Wilkinson trademark, died last year, but his tradition survives in rare craftsmanship—even for a market which history and the inventors of tank and atom-bomb have sadly shrunk. There is still, of course, a demand for ceremonial and presentation swords, though Britannia is not so lavish as she was when Edward, Prince of Wales, went to India in 1875 with a train-load of "Wilkinson souvenirs" to present at Durbars. Diplomats, too, and Service Officers still need dress swords; but I have an impression that there is a tendency to have shabby recourse to the second-hand market, and the best customers at the moment seem to be officers of the U.S. Marines, who have a pretty taste in engraved blades and showy, plated scabbards. ("But for the plastic grip," said the assembly shop overseer, "you couldn't tell this and a British Field-Marshal's sword, one from t'other.")

Elegance is not quite all: in the tempering shop there were *kukris* in hand—specially treated, for some unexplained and probably horrible purpose, so that the middle of the cutting blade would be harder than the rest. Then there were foils, strong and supple, for fencers. But let us face it: the business of sword-making is not what it was when Napoleon was Consul—or Palmerston Premier. The firm which Nock founded and which realised, even between the Nineteenth-Century wars, that swordsmiths, unlike cobblers, must have sidelines, has turned more and more to "ploughshares." Of recent years Wilkinson's catalogue has been that not simply of an armourer but of a manufacturer of high-grade cutting tools for gardeners—tempered and hollow-ground with almost as much loving care as swords—and of safety razors.

And here comes one of life's little ironies. As from July 1 the manufacture from metal of safety razors is stopped by Government Order: the needs of the Defence programme must have priority. So Wayland the sword-maker is like the engineer hoist by his own petard: the service of elegant death, from which he chose to depart, has let him down in one of his new, humaner avocations. No doubt rearmament is bringing, or will bring, other grist to the Acton mills; but I fancied I detected an ironical twinkle in Wayland's eye when the word "razor" was mentioned. Perhaps he was reflecting on the transience of all human purposes. Or perhaps he was just thinking of Merlin.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Dundee Bottom

Nor very long ago my friend Laurence Housman received a manuscript of some astonishing verses commemorating the death of John Brown, the faithful servant of Queen Victoria. The verses were so unbelievably bad that Mr. Housman amused himself by writing a sort of postscript to *Victoria Regina*, in which the Queen is assumed to have had them read to her at Balmoral. This one-act play was published, but occasioned (to my surprise) no comment from Scotland, where the author of the verses—a certain William McGonagall of Dundee—has long been a source of joy.

William McGonagall was a weaver, like Bottom; and like Bottom he was an amateur actor before he began to rival Peter Quince as a poet. The frontispiece of his frequently republished *Poetic Gems* shows him as rather heavy-featured—there is even a slight resemblance in the face to Oscar Wilde—and in his own handwriting there is the inscription: "Faithfully yours, William McGonagall, Poet and Tragedian." We are also fortunate in having his own account of his life in the brief autobiography which introduces the *Poetic Gems*.

McGonagall was born in 1830. His Irish parents (who were "poor, but honest, sober and God-fearing") went later to live in Dundee, where William learnt his trade as a weaver. But he was full of laudable ambition and spent the evenings reading and improving his handwriting "until," he wrote with pride in later years, "I made myself what I am" Having obtained "complete mastery" of the four Shakesperian roles which he most coveted—Macbeth, Richard III, Hamlet and Othello—he frequently performed for the entertainment of his fellow workers.

From a certain Mr. Giles, who owned a theatre "built of brick" (no mere wooden shanty, clearly), McGonagall next obtained permission to perform the part of Macbeth on rather curious terms—he was to pay Mr. Giles a pound, which was duly subscribed by his fellow-weavers "who, with one accord, declared they would go and see me perform The Thane of Fife, *alias* Macbeth."

> When I appeared on the stage I was received with a perfect storm of applause, but when I exclaimed "Command they make a halt upon the heath," the applause was deafening, and was continued during the entire evening, especially so in the combat scene. The house was crowded during each of the three performances on that ever memorable night, which can never be forgot by me or my shopmates, and even entire strangers included. At the end of each performance I was called before the curtain and received plaudit after plaudit in recognition of my able impersonation of Macbeth.

This, however, was but the beginning of fame. William had long been on easy terms with Shakespeare when, at the age of 47, he suddenly discovered that he could produce this sort of stuff himself.

> The most startling incident in my life was the time I discovered myself to be a poet . . . I seemed to feel as it were a strange kind of feeling stealing over me, and remained so for about five minutes. A flame, as Lord Byron has said, seemed to kindle up my entire frame, along with a strong desire to write poetry.

For some time McGonagall resisted this improper notion. He paced backwards and forwards, he tells us, trying to shake it off. Another difficulty was that he did not know what to write about. But there it was, this awful urge and a Voice that cried "Write! Write!" So what could he do? Most fortunately his great friend the Rev. George Gilfillan came into his mind. This good man had given him a testimonial—very properly included later in the prelims of the *Poetic Gems*—saying that he had known William for some time and that he had "a strong proclivity for the elocutionary department, a strong voice and great enthusiasm." There is evidence of Caledonian caution in the choice of words, but McGonagall was generous in his praise, however near-fisted the Rev. Gilfillan might be with his compliments. He decided to "immortalise" the Rev. Gilfillan in "the first poem that I composed under the divine inspiration." This he did with all the enthusiasm ascribed to him by Gilfillan, though we have no record as to whether the minister appreciated the lines which described him as

> Lecturing on the Garibaldi movement
> As loud as he could bawl.

McGonagall was now a poet; and in the best and most ancient tradition of the trade he recited his own works for food, drink and hard cash. He records minutely the sums received on various occasions—four and sixpence here, five shillings there. He recited frequently in pubs, but did not care for publicans ("The first man who threw peas at me was a publican"). The wits of Dundee took him up; and he was introduced as "the great poet McGonagall," as he proudly tells us. He was also the victim of frequent hoaxes, as, for example, when he received a note asking him to go immediately to a public hall were a ball was in progress, there to recite what he himself described as a "famous poem" of his own. The offer and the proposed remuneration proved to be fictitious.

Death and disaster were among William's favourite themes, also royalty and battles. A death in the royal family brought out his greatest efforts, naturally, and few men seem to have had a greater zeal and aptitude for the arduous duties of a Poet Laureate. When Prince Leopold died in 1884, McGonagall had shot from the hip while Tennyson was still fumbling for his gun.

> Alas! noble Prince Leopold, he is dead!
> Who often has his lustre shed:
> Especially by singing for the benefit of Esher school
> Which proves he was a wise prince and no conceited fool.
> Methinks I see him on the platform singing the Sands o' Dee . . .

Or again there was *The Funeral of the German Emperor*. ("'Twas in the year of 1888 and on March the 16th day"—he conveniently incorporates the date of each catastrophe into the relevant poem, which saves one a great deal of trouble.)

> The authorities of Berlin in honour of the Emperor considered it no sin
> To decorate with crape the beautiful city of Berlin.
> Therefore Berlin I declare was a city of crape
> Because few buildings crape decoration did escape.

One is tempted to quote *ad lib*, for the *Poetic Gems* are really a *tour de force*. As Philostrate said of Peter Quince's play, there is not one word apt. But a final couplet shall suffice, illustrating the indebtedness of Ogden Nash to the Dundee poet and tragedian. These are the lines describing General Graham,

> Whose name will be handed down to posterity without any stigma
> Because, at the battle of El-Teb, he defeated Osman Digna.

It was natural that William should have written something suitable on John Brown's death, and highly probable that the Queen read it. From his own somewhat confused narrative of his "far famed Balmoral journey" it is clear that he never had an audience with the Queen, but that he did claim to have received some letter from her which he regarded as an invitation to drop in any time he was passing. A constable at the lodge told him brutally that Tennyson already had the appointment which (he assumed) McGonagall was seeking.

The poet continued, however, to write very kindly about Her Majesty and much regretted in particular any attempt to assassinate her. It would be agreeable to know what reply he made to three students of Glasgow University who wrote a letter asking him: "Is the most intellectual benefit to be derived from a study of the McGonagallian or the Shakesperian school of poetry?" I am sure William was too modest to give them the obvious answer.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

BEASTS OF THE FIELD

A SICK beast is a matter of active concern. Healthy cattle mean more and better meat, milk and butter; healthy sheep and lambs, more wool and food; healthy pigs, more bacon; fit poultry, more eggs; and horses sound in wind and limb mean more work on the farm. The maintenance of good health and the prevention of disease amongst farm animals are thus vital. Although the subject of veterinary science was studied in some continental cavalry schools in the fifteenth century, it was not until 1790 that a veterinary college was established in London. The great advances made in preventive medicine in the nineteenth century were a stimulus to a similar attack on the scourges to which animals are subject. The results are seen today in the way many diseases have been eliminated or brought under effective control. In the British Isles rinderpest, the cattle plague that kills millions of beasts in Europe and Africa, does not now exist. Glanders of horses is rare. The deadly rabies, so often transmitted to man by the bite of a mad dog, belongs to the past. Anthrax is no longer a farmer's nightmare. Destructive diseases of sheep and lambs due to gas gangrene bacilli can be prevented and cured. But these achievements, great in themselves though they are, are no more than a beginning. The fight must go on against tuberculosis, contagious abortion, mastitis, sterility, and ill-health due to parasitic worms. In the era of preventive animal medicine now opening, synthetic organic chemicals will play a decisive part. The worker in the biological research laboratory and the chemist in the factory are uniting to help the veterinary profession to control the diseases of animals.

ICI

P.R.72

The Orchestra Speaks

THE London County Council is so large an animal that most of those who stick pins into it have time to get safely away; in any case, the pain seldom gets farther than a sub-committee. But when the whole corpus does move into retaliatory action, it is reasonable to expect something dignified and crushing.

It recently moved into action against the London Philharmonic Orchestra, for whose upkeep it has been responsible jointly with the Arts Council of Great Britain. The story of the opening moves can be summarised briefly. The L.C.C. discontinued its grant of £25,000 a year to the orchestra because, it said, the money available would not at the same time support the new burden of the Festival Hall—wherein other orchestras will play for what they can earn. This, said the orchestra, can't be the real reason, because it had already been virtually arranged—in full awareness of the financial position—that the L.P.O. should be the "resident" orchestra at the new hall.

The real reason, it is alleged, was the L.C.C.'s discovery that Mr. Thomas Russell, the extremely competent managing director of London Philharmonic Orchestra, Ltd., is a member of the Communist Party of Great Britain. He has been a member for fifteen years, to the knowledge of most people behind the scenes in the concert world, but in 1949 he actually told a member of the L.C.C. that he was going on a cultural visit to Moscow; and before the L.C.C. had got over its disgust at having been on handshaking terms with a Communist, he went. He went in the company of Professor J. D. Bernal, and shook hands, in Russia, with Shostakovitch.

The L.C.C. denies vehemently, despite appearances, that its decision to drop the L.P.O. had anything to do with what Mr. Russell believed or where he had been for his holidays. But among those who say that it had are Mr. J. B. Priestley, Mr. Eric Hall (former Conservative Deputy-Chairman of the L.C.C.), Miss Barbara Ward, the Hon. James Smith (a director of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden), Mr. R. J. Cruikshank, Mr. Hamish Hamilton, and Mr. Victor Carne, all members of an advisory council formed in 1948 to promote the success of the London Philharmonic Orchestra. They are supported by Sir Adrian Boult, its conductor; by Sir Steuart Wilson, who says that both he and Sir Adrian, at the B.B.C. and elsewhere, have "cheerfully and willingly accepted Mr. Russell as a colleague, an expert authority, and a friend"—who never obtruded his political views; and by the music critic of *The Times*, who wrote on June 8 that the L.C.C.'s decision had been "influenced by personal and political animosities that have little connection with music."

The Leader of the L.C.C. wrote at once to *The Times* to say bluntly that this was not true. But the L.C.C. had already taken the step that did more than anything else to foster the growing suspicion about its motives. On September 25 last, while it still owed the orchestra £10,000, it declared that the money would not be paid unless the orchestra announced, in writing, that the L.C.C. was "acting in good faith," that Mr. Russell's Communism was not the reason for the breach, and that "no allegation to the contrary effect will in future be made, authorised, or instigated by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, Ltd., *or by any person associated with it.*" With angry reluctance the orchestra gave the puerile and valueless assurances demanded, and the L.C.C. let it go.

The orchestra kept its word, and the affair smouldered along until June this year. Then came the remark of *The Times* music critic about "personal and political animosities"; and as the flames went up again the orchestra, rightly or wrongly considering itself released from its undertaking, repeated its charges at a press conference with a wealth of detail and distinguished personal support that made the L.C.C.'s denials begin to look dogged and clumsy. Which, so to speak, is where we came in. Although the two sides contradict each other bluntly over a matter of fact, it would be too simple to say that one of them is lying. You would be unlikely to find more than a handful of L.C.C. members who believe that Mr. Russell's political life had the slightest effect on the Council's decision, most members, in any case, being too busy to know more than appears in the Council's minutes; while those who believe themselves to know the full story are the most vehement in maintaining that only finance and musical policy have governed the Council's actions. Assuming that the orchestra's version is the true one, it is easy to see that, when the recommendation reached the responsible sub-committee at County Hall, it could have acquired a powerful superstructure of impeccable argument. But the orchestra's case is formidably documented, while the Council's is a bare denial. The need for a public enquiry is obvious.

Meanwhile a self-generated whispering campaign says that the L.P.O. is a "Red" orchestra, that it has a weekly whip-round for the *Daily Worker*, and that no musician can join it unless he holds Leftist views. At a Press conference Mr. J. B. Priestley and Mr. Russell repudiated all this as malicious nonsense, and the pity is that the repudiation should have been necessary; this is currently the kind of mud that sticks.

Eighty thousand music lovers signed a petition to the L.C.C. urging that the grants to the orchestra be continued. A covenanted ten shillings a year from each of them would make it independent of grants from anyone. I am willing to covenant in this way, even if Mr. Russell goes yearly to see Mr. Shostakovitch or is supplanted by a member of the Primrose League, the public hangman, or a cannibal. But I wonder if there are 80,000 so minded? If there are, they can, in the absence of commercial radio and sponsored symphonies, form the nucleus of a movement to get orchestras out of local government hands altogether. To-day, if the L.P.O. are right, that will be getting them out of politics. Then we can get on with the music. C. H. ROLPH

The Arts and Entertainment

PINERO

PINERO'S *His House in Order*, revived at the New Theatre with Mr. Godfrey Tearle and Miss Mary Kerridge, makes a very entertaining evening in spite of sad deficiencies both in the acting and the production. Pinero's plays seem to me to give the same order of pleasure as Mr. Somerset Maugham's short stories, making allowance for the difference in period and so in convention. They tell a simple melodramatic tale with great artifice in the unfolding. As with Mr. Maugham's stories you "can't put them down," and they have the same air of carrying rather more moral comment than they actually do. Nina, the heroine of *His House in Order* (which Archer called Pinero's greatest play), is one of those second wives which fiction before and since has made play with, the successor who can never live up to the memory of the first. Arrayed against Nina we find not only the sister of the first wife Annabelle, called in to keep Filmer Jesson, M.P.'s house in order where Nina has hopelessly failed, but also the dreadful mother and father and brother who have come down to open a park dedicated to the sacred memory. How Nina discovers that the late Annabelle was not the perfection she was thought to be is the hinge of the story; and the way in which she shall make use of her knowledge is the moral problem propounded. But since Pinero wasn't a moralist at all but a popular story-teller, this is nearly sidestepped to produce a happy ending.

So artfully constructed is this story that it carries us along under its own momentum. Pinero is plainly, for this quality alone, in for a big revival. But if we are to get the best fun out of him, producers will really have to bring to bear a somewhat sharper period sense than is displayed in this ill-considered production. Pinero was not an early naturalist, but a highly artificial playwright working in a highly artificial convention; and of course the artificiality does represent a way of living vastly more stiff and stylised than anything known to us in the unbuttoned days since the 1914 war. To play down the artificiality (obvious enough in the shapely dialogue) and try to make it all come out up to date and everyday as if it were post-Du Maurier stuff, is to lose half the force. With Pinero we are still in the days of the Big Scenes: the parts are "fat" acting parts that fall for the open throat, the wide gesture, the loud declamation, for thunder and lightning in short, not the little ruffle of shrugged shoulders, easy smiles and throw-away lines. It will provide quite a new theatrical pleasure when we have learned how to play them properly.

One of the things that will militate at present against a revival of Pinero, is the lack of really good dramatic actresses (since managements won't or don't employ Miss Beatrix Lehmann, Miss Sonia Dresdel or Miss Mary Morris). There have not, of course, been the parts for dramatic actresses in the last thirty years; and now that we need them, they aren't there. Miss Mary Kerridge, though she makes a reasonable shot of Nina, and might in due course attain to her, hasn't at the moment the range at her command. She produces more fire and spirit than Miss Eileen Herlie did lately for Paula Tanqueray, but like her she doesn't display either enough temperament or enough charm. Mr. Godfrey Tearle, as the brother-in-law trying to bridge the gap between the dead and the living, was all good nature and smiles and fun with one high outburst; but it struck me that he was altogether far too naturalistic for the part, and the pity is that he, if anyone, under the proper direction, could have produced the right thing. Mr. Bryan Oulton made an amusing sketch out of the tiresome brother and Miss Joan Haythorne, Miss Wynne Clarke and Mr. George Merritt contribute. The single set is particularly unhelpful; it is not suggestive either of the period or of the character of the household. It seems to me a piece of singular improvidence to put the main door through which Nina is to make her big exit a sliding one which can't be easily opened nor loudly slammed. In the middle of the play the gentlemen appeared to change suddenly into 1951 suits. Odd.

Mr. Stephen Spender's new play *To The Island*, which is being presented this week and next at the Oxford Playhouse, maintains a very characteristic intensity for two acts, but rather collapses in the third. I hope to find space to write about it next week. T. C. WORSLEY

PLACE AUX JEUNES

THE Cheltenham Festival has this year surpassed all previous records for boldness and enterprise. On four successive evenings the Hallé Orchestra has given thoroughly rehearsed and completely convincing performances of four large-scale new works. One of these was a Symphonic Suite for Strings by Maurice Jacobson, well-made music of no particular consequence. The other three were all first symphonies by young men still almost unknown to the public, who would have had to wait many years for such an opportunity to come their way in London. The symphonies were well chosen. Two of them instantly made a name for their composers; while the third was a curious kettle of fish, an extravagant and rather scatterbrained affair which also found its admirers and was at least not dull.

This very peculiar Symphony was by the youngest and most familiar of the three composers, Malcolm Arnold. Born in 1921, and formerly a trumpeter in the L.P.O., Mr. Arnold is best known for his boisterously effective concert overture called *Beckus the Dandipratt*. His

music recalls the policeman's motto: "Come along now, break it up, break it up." Perhaps as a result of his orchestral experience, he seems to be obsessed with the idea that music has grown too complicated: clotted with harmony, gluey with cantilena, gummed up with useless counterpoint. He would surely sympathise with Nietzsche's famous cry: "Music must be Mediterraneanised." In his search for freedom and simplicity, he has gone much farther than anyone since Satie; and a good deal of his work sounds like a succession of twiddley-bits punctuated by rests. Has anything so fragmentary as this ever before called itself a symphony? Even in the final fugal movement the composer has contrived to scatter and disrupt the voices, so that his fugue comes to resemble the astronomers' expanding universe, with its component parts flying apart at unimaginable speed. Disintegration is the keynote of Mr. Arnold's style; and yet a style of sorts it is. He is a master of orchestral device, and his isolated phrases, like single objects artfully disposed in a huge Paris shop-window, are shapely and pointful. He treats his ideas like a boy with a coloured top, to which every now and then he gives a careless flick which keeps it spinning. Hardly a symphony, perhaps, but a rather pretty and an unquestionably mobile top.

Mr. Arnold was his own highly effective conductor; the other two symphonies were conducted with ardent enthusiasm and conviction by Sir John Barbirolli, who presumably also had a say in their choice. They formed an interesting contrast. The more immediately popular was a four-movement Symphony in D minor by John Gardner, who was born in 1917 and is a member of the musical staff at Covent Garden. This was an impressively self-confident and brilliant production, the work of a thorough musician with romantic leanings and considerable intellectual power. I should guess Mr. Gardner to have a liking for Mahler, perhaps also for Ravel; he enjoys exotic orchestral effects and is unashamedly picturesque, writing without inhibition for celesta and xylophone; his most successful movement, a charming scherzo, has affinities with a Mahler Ländler. In a sense, Mr. Gardner is also typically English; he splashes around and mixes his colours as recklessly as Elgar or Bax; at a climax he throws everything pell-mell into the pot; in short, his acute orchestral feeling is accompanied by a certain want of taste. There is also, in his first three movements, an English rhythmic sluggishness of which he perhaps became aware, since for the finale he adopted a much livelier gait. The most promising virtues of his Symphony are its masculine vigour, its large grasp of structure, and its proud indifference to fashion.

To my own taste, however, by far the most valuable novelty of the Festival was the Symphony in A minor of Arnold Van Wyk. Mr. Van Wyk is a South African, now 35; but his symphony was written in London in the middle of the war. For a man in his twenties it is an extraordinarily mature work, and it is shameful that it should have had to wait so long for a public hearing in this country (Sir Henry Wood performed it once in a B.B.C. Overseas programme). There are features in it which recall Sibelius: the one-movement form, the technique by which themes overlap and gradually transform themselves into something radically different, the use as a unifying principle of a semiquaver figure rather like that in the first movement of Sibelius No. 3. But the Symphony is far from being a merely imitative work; it is a highly personal utterance of remarkable clarity and decision. The orchestra is used with unusual restraint, and also with imagination, so that the sheer sound is always beautiful; notice, for instance, the striking effect of the chains of trills for the strings near the beginning, and, later on, the spacious vista opened up by the high octaves of the violins. The Sibelian elements are thoroughly absorbed into the composer's own language. In particular, the one-movement form, which can easily become a bore, here fully justifies its use. Between development and recapitulation a scherzo is skilfully embedded, and a curiously impressive coda takes the place of a slow movement. This coda is the last of several passages in which the music seems to escape from bleak surroundings into a mysterious and remote calm, a shining vision of some ideal world; perhaps (considering the date of composition) it was a vision of peace. But at the end this vision fades slowly and inexorably into the light of common day, and the circle is rounded with a harsh statement, on the kettle-drums, of the unison theme for the strings with which the symphony had begun. This is more than a neat structural device; it comes as the irrefutable conclusion of a serious and sustained symphonic argument.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TIRESIAS

TENNYSON'S was the Victorian's Tiresias, blinded by that prude Athene, because he observed the goddess bathing. Our's is Ovid's or rather Eliot's creature—the linchpin of *The Waste Land*. "What Tiresias *sees*," wrote Eliot, "is the substance of the poem":

I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,
Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see
At the violet hour . . .
I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs
Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest—

So prevalent is the habit of making ballets out of poems, I foolishly assumed that Mr. Ashton was going to take his inspiration from Eliot. Far from it, the new production at Covent Garden is a literal re-hash of the legend. Michael Somes's Tiresias is a splendid young athlete who entertains us with handsprings. The young girls with whom he competes in curious callisthenic combat "leave in mockery" when he excels them. The dance of "athletic triumph" that follows is the most original and spirited part of the ballet. Priestesses reward Tiresias with a wand of honour; "two snakes enter." Their serpentine writhings (cleverly simulated by Pauline

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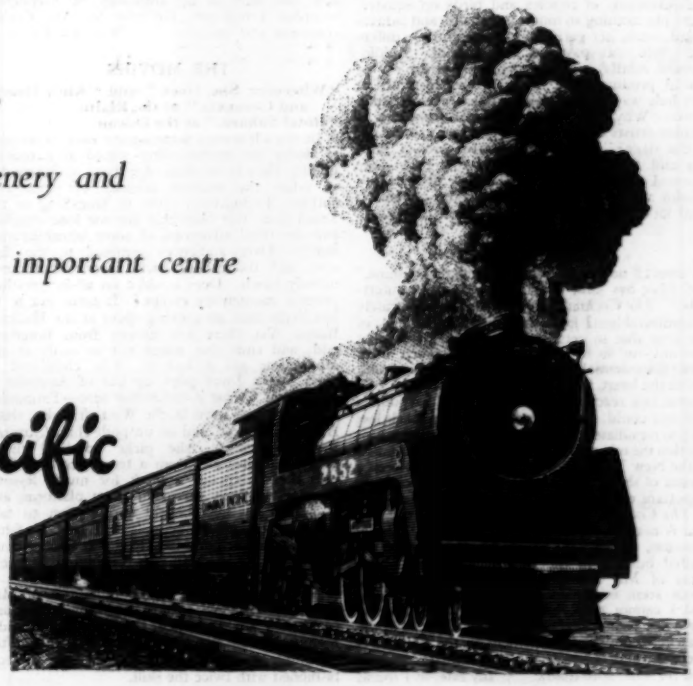

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Clayden and Brian Shaw) temporarily alleviate the tedium which settles all too early on this work. When Tiresias strikes the female snake with his wand, warriors with shields rush on and cluster round him. Hey, presto! Michael Somes has turned into Margot Fonteyn. One had hoped for a more mystifying metamorphosis than this trick which went out with *Petrouchka*. The second scene reveals Tiresias, a woman now, squatting in the lotus position. She indulges in an artful oriental dance, until shepherds and shepherdesses enter. A "Stranger" (that good dancer, John Field) emergies; he and Tiresias proceed to display their love for one another in a *pas de deux*, which is tolerably good, but by no means Ashton's best. Again we have the priestesses, the wand and the snakes, again the vanishing trick. Shepherdesses with concealing scarves flutter round; when they part, Tiresias is a man again. In the third scene Zeus and Hera argue as to whose is the happier lot—man's or woman's. Ambisexual Tiresias alone is in a position to arbitrate. "He states firmly that he preferred his life as a woman" and Hera strikes him blind for proving her wrong. Only those who know the legend or who have read their programme notes will realise that Zeus then recompenses him with the gift of prophecy. When the curtain falls, Tiresias is left tapping his way round the stage with a white stick, while the snakes rattle about on the floor.

It is a shame that Mr. Ashton brings out none of the symbolism nor any of the overtones of this fascinating legend, for, unadorned, the story does not take happily to being a ballet. This is padded out with ritualistic passages of the utmost banality and dull dances for priestesses and warriors, athletes and shepherdesses that are sometimes folksy (there is a lot of business with staves) and too often merely gym. Perhaps the music that Constant Lambert has composed is to blame. His arid score with its faint flavour of Borodin's *Danses Polovtsiennes* is not worthy of a musician who, besides being our most distinguished ballet conductor, is also an accomplished composer. Likewise, the decor. Isabel Lambert's drop curtain, ineptly and for no reason emblazoned with skeletons of reptiles and birds on squares, looks like nothing so much as a snakes and ladders board, while her garish sets in an entirely different style (a pastiche of ancient Middle-Eastern motifs) would do at a pinch for a provincial production of *Thais*. The costumes, a very long way after Minoan patterns, are not much better. Why does Covent Garden continue to employ artists with little idea, let alone experience, of the stage? With all respect for Messrs. Ashton and Lambert, I am afraid this ballet—the worst I have seen since the Swedish Ballet's *Medea* which it resembles—must be counted a total loss.

RICHARD JOHNSON

RADIO NOTES

"I SHOULD not like anyone seeing a play of mine," Mr. Eliot has said, "to feel completely comfortable." *The Cocktail Party* makes me feel acutely uncomfortable: I know no other English play of our time that so gets underneath one's skin, that contains—or so it seems to me—so much truth about the essential human situation, that so speaks, not to the heart, but to the queasy conscience. Of course, one reacts against it; one would repudiate it if one could. I must say I found it much less easy to repudiate in Mr. King Bull's broadcast production the other day than in the stage presentation at the New Theatre. Mr. Eliot has always been a master of shock; indeed, the notion of shock is an important element in his work. One remembers, in *The Cocktail Party* itself, the image of the step that is not there; one remembers, in *The Family Reunion*, the malaise set up by the sight of the stuffed bulldog in the Burlington Arcade. But some of Mr. Eliot's methods of administering shock seem to me more successful than others, and I cannot help feeling that in *The Cocktail Party* the technical shock is too shocking, that the drawing-room comedy element in the first act is overdone and therefore not an adequate preparation for what is to follow. At any rate, so I found it in the stage-production, where it seemed to me that the representation in terms of parody of the conventional West End comedy had become for Mr. Eliot dangerously close to an end in itself. But simply because one could not see, in the broadcast performance, the cocktail party and the cocktail party types, the superficial naturalism of the set was greatly diminished; to my great satisfaction. I thought this production of Mr. King Bull's quite first-rate, and excellently acted: Mr. Arundell's Harcourt-Reilly was superb.

There was nothing superb about Mr. Raymond Raikes's adaptation and production of *The Way of the World*. It was, I am afraid, a disastrous flop: for the first time, I found myself bored by Congreve. Perhaps the complications of the plot are such as to make the play unsuitable for broadcasting in any case. I suspect this is so. But Mr. Raikes did not help matters by rearranging the sequence of the first act and introducing Foible as an uncommonly arch narrator to help us over the difficulties of the story. This set the production off on the wrong note from the beginning. It perverted Congreve into the quaint and the "olde," and Congreve is neither.

Mr. Frank Tilsley is a most engaging broadcaster; he is not afraid to let himself go, to "chance his arm," as they say; there are no inhibitions, and his enthusiasms are infectious. He certainly deserves warm congratulations on his programme *Portrait of a Small Factory*, which he narrated himself. In the space of an hour he took us round a "back-alley factory," employing ninety people, in Birmingham, introduced us to the workers, drew them out, commented on what he saw. It was an admirable achievement, quite the best factory programme I have ever heard, and the more interesting because it dealt with the kind of factory we tend to forget, though the Black Country is full of them, the small, privately owned craftsman's workshop lacking in welfare amenities, but marked by a free-and-easy relationship between workers and managers.

Lack of space prevents my dealing adequately with Mr. H. A. L. Craig's programme on James Stephens, *The Goat's Toe*. It was most agreeable not only as an anthology of Stephens's recorded broadcasts, but also for Mr. Craig's comment and analysis.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Wherever She Goes" and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," at the Rialto
"Hotel Sahara," at the Odeon

In the off-season some agility may be needed to dodge the routine films aimed at a routine public. Now is the time—for those so disposed—to relish the musical comedy of yesteryear, ruthless Technicolor, visits to Sing-Sing or the South Seas, war films that are one long chuckle, and the third adventure of some unexhilarating family. Over audiences confined to the first rows and the gallery back, ineptitude flickers, melody howls. Does a satire on all-in wrestling promise momentary escape? It turns out to be less lively than an evening spent at the Hackney Baths. Yet there are havens from boredom, odds and ends that might not so easily at any other time get a look-in. The childhood of Miss Eileen Joyce pops up out of Australia at the Rialto. What is unfamiliar here—Tasmanian forest, a shack town in the West, friendly, sharp Australian voices, and an unspoilt child (Suzanne Parrett)—pleases: she picks up bird tunes, gets a mouth-organ from a tramp, collects from pub doors sixpence a week for music lessons, squeezes her way on to an exam platform, and is helped by neighbourly subscription to take the long train journey that will lead to fame. These events are told freshly and at times naively against a background of continuous interest, and Grieg's piano concerto comes and goes to impress upon us the most popular role of Miss Joyce herself. As musical biographies go (and so far as I am concerned, they can go to Pandemonium), this one is inoffensive, quite often charming, and more enjoyable than many pieces fashioned with twice the skill.

A very odd contrast indeed is presented by the reappearance of *Kind Hearts and Coronets* in the same programme. This is the third time I have seen Robert Hamer's masterpiece (it is no less), and henceforward I shall make a practice of tracking it down once a year. More and more I wonder at the audacity that could have imprinted on an English screen such civility and wit, and at the success with which disdain has engendered uncontrollable laughter. The only other films in its class are *Monsieur Verdoux* and *Le Roman d'un Tricheur*: it holds its own with the first, and easily surpasses the second. I should like to see Chaplin's Bluebeard again so as to compare the two. *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, while it lacks the perfect comedian, certainly has the advantage in wit; its story (from a far less amusing yet still fascinating novel by Roy Horniman) is a good deal better than Chaplin's; and I feel that in ironical assurance and polish it stands alone. The script by Robert Hamer and John Dighton deserves to be published on its literary merits as much as any Anouilh play or Evelyn Waugh fable; then, besides being able to enjoy its felicities at our leisure, we should have the opportunity of weighing exactly how far this narrative owes its incisiveness to a brilliant matching of image and phrase. Would the cool consolation about the young lady on the river who has just disappeared forever over the weir, that she had, presumably, during the week-end already suffered a fate worse than death, strike as felicitously if we had not actually watched the lovers sliding away in a punt? *Kind Hearts and Coronets* is replete with this sort of summer lightning which flashes up a situation and leaves it with epigrammatic swiftness. The epigram is live, visible to the eye, and constructive in effect. My first impression of the film, that it was a brilliantly funny illustration of a text, I have come to revise. It may appear at first sight "literary," merely because we are unused, in English at any rate, to a sound-track possessing any literary merit whatsoever. We watch; the burblings help us to look on. *Kind Hearts and Coronets* (which may have moved on from the Rialto by the time these words are read) has given this notion a most salutary jolt.

Back to the treadmill: *Hotel Sahara* is a funny English film that once or twice manages to be funny about a hotel in the desert occupied by Italians, Germans, English, French and Americans, in turn. Mr. Peter Ustinov with a fez and a fiancée is its greatest asset. For the connoisseur there is a half-acre or so of desert that looks more like studio desert than anything the screen reeled out for a long time.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

RISING PRICES

SIR,—In an article last week you described a speech I made at Croydon on June 30 as a "week-end's flight of demagogy"; complained that "the Minister did not explain" how by Act of Parliament we could both deal with the private tyranny of Trade Associations (in enforcing Resale Price Maintenance) and prevent "ruinous selling below cost"; and supposed that in this speech I was retreating from the policy of the recent Government White Paper to that of the Lloyd Jacob Report. And returning to the subject in your London Diary, "the new dynamic," you say, "will not be achieved by week-end speeches thundering against retail price maintenance as though that was the cause of rising prices."

Putting aside, for the moment, demagogy, thunder and the new dynamic, it is clear that you had not seen the fuller reports of my speech which appeared in several newspapers.

Far from declaring that retail price maintenance was "*the* cause of rising prices," I argued:

(1) That present high profits were clear proof that price control had been too tender. That now was the best time since the end of the war to stiffen it, since unemployment had now dipped below 1 per cent. of

the insured population, and was lower than at any time since September, 1945. Unfilled vacancies were more than twice the number of the unemployed, and the labour and materials now used by high-cost traders and producers could be readily absorbed, with better conditions of labour, by more efficient firms;

(2) That we must attack price rings and other pernicious practices of monopoly capitalism, including resale price maintenance. As to the latter, I expounded and defended the Government White Paper, condemning both the collective and the individual variety. I added that the National Executive had unanimously passed a resolution strongly supporting the White Paper. (I hope this impresses you!) But I added also—and this is an assurance to which the distributive workers are entitled—that we should not permit any return to the cut-throat competition and ruinous selling below cost of the days of Tory misrule and mass unemployment. (Demagogic thunder in the wings? But some people *do* remember.) This, in substance, is what is said in the White Paper, paras. 28, 43 and 44.

(3) That the rise in our cost of living was mainly due to the rise in import prices of foods and raw materials, that some of these prices had already fallen from their peaks, that the Government would do its best to make them fall further, but that this was a matter for international discussion and concerted international action.

Here then are three distinct lines of attack on rising prices, to-day's greatest irritant. Surely we must press all three with energy and confidence. Unless we do, and are seen to be doing so, most people won't be much moved by any new Socialist dynamic. And I should regret this as much as you would.

Whitehall, HUGH DALTON
London, S.W.1.

SIR,—As a solution to our present economic situation, the Retail Price Maintenance proposals will not help; only a realistic and Socialist Budget will do that. When retailers reduce their prices to obtain more business, the main benefit will be reaped by the large chain stores, who with their larger capital resources will speedily put the small trader out of business, and the retail trade which survives will be in the same position as the manufacturing industry with its monopolies and price rings. There is nothing basically unsocial in the manufacturer fixing the profit margin for his retailers; competition, between manufacturers seeking agents, controls this profit margin. The introduction of "cut throat" competition will bring to the fore the "dealer" type of trader, whom I have seldom found to be the most social of citizens.

The evil lies with the manufacturers who combine together to maintain prices. This is where we require a Socialist remedy, and it will be more difficult than the present vote-catching manoeuvre. We are faced to-day with the manufacturer putting every increase in costs, including additional taxation, on to the cost of his product, and getting away with it. There are two things which the Government can do to stop this, where nationalisation is unsuitable. First, they can greatly extend price controls and Utility schemes. Secondly, they ought in suitable circumstances to compete with private enterprise and prove whether an article can be produced at a lower cost and equal quality. JOHN WAKEHAM
The Bungalow, Milford, Surrey.

NET BOOK AGREEMENT

SIR,—In your leading article "Consumers' Charter—or Red Herring?" you rightly point out that books might well have to be excepted from any general prohibition of price maintenance. May I confirm, therefore, that experience in country after country has demonstrated that effective book distribution can be achieved only where there is price maintenance in some form or other?

Anyone interested in the problem will find enlightenment in Sir Frederick Macmillan's *The Net Book Agreement* 1899, published by Maclehose in 1924. The position just before 1899 had become so deplorable that Professor Marshall assented to his *Principles of Economics* being the first "net" book—a fact which those economists who wish to abolish "net" books might well note.

The sole legitimate justification for any interference with the net book agreement (which is in fact not an agreement, but a statement of the terms of supply) would be evidence that the sellers of new books were making an excessive profit. No such evidence could be produced, and booksellers could face an impartial investigation with perfect equanimity. It would, in fact, demonstrate that their livelihood is a precarious one, and that the booksellers giving the best service to the community were many of them, inadequately paid for their important and essential task.

The use of books as "loss leaders," for which purpose best-sellers unfortunately lend themselves, would leave the better type of bookseller with no margin for the handling of more slow-selling lines, and in the end put most of them out of business.

40 Museum Street, STANLEY UNWIN
London, W.C.1.

THE LESSON OF PERSIA

SIR,—Arising out of the article under the above heading in your issue of 30 June, it would be interesting to learn how "Mr. Attlee and his colleagues", without taking action that would be offensive to our national conscience, could persuade a backward Eastern country to introduce even the semblance of a Welfare State. As always, such a change can only come through the Persian people themselves; it is extremely doubtful whether the mass of them will obtain any benefits whatsoever from increased oil royalties under present conditions.

And alas for the hypnotic effect of the word "exploitation" on your usually reasonable mentality. In this case, as I see it, British brains and energy, under legal agreement with the Persian government, developed an industry where none existed before. From this industry, for the years 1947-9 (I quote from your figures) the Persians *for doing absolutely nothing* received £29½m. out of total earnings of £128m.—or rather more than 23 per cent. If this is "exploitation" and a "miserably low" proportion, then indeed words seem to be losing their meaning.

The continuance of civilisation depends upon the honouring of contracts, whether national or individual, and I cannot see that Persia has any more "right" to abrogate an agreement than, say, the Duke of Westminster would have in attempting to cancel the leases and seize the properties of some of his West End tenants because he was jealous of the successful business they had established there.

In bending over backwards to avoid any suggestion of imperialism you seem sometimes to lose contact with ordinary justice and common sense, and one regular reader at least is becoming sadly and increasingly concerned as to who really inhabits "Cloud Cuckoo Land". R. C. NOEL-JOHNSON
109a Ashley Gardens, London, S.W.1.

THE GYPSY PROBLEM

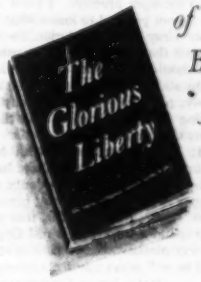
SIR,—I have read with great interest Mr. C. H. Rolph's two articles entitled "The Gypsy Problem." They are indeed excellent. I write only to point out that they do not, in fact, deal with Gypsies at all.

Mr. Rolph was told by Mr. Corke that there were very few Gypsies in the camp; he was told that the folk in the camp were mumpers; and he was told that the real Gypsies are no trouble to anyone. Even if the last statement is perhaps a slight exaggeration, he was told these things by a man who does know a real Gypsy when he sees one. In the face of this, it is difficult to understand why he should continue to call these people Gypsies.

In fact, the people in the camp at St. Mary Cray are mumpers and *posh-rats*. There were at one time a few Boswells (of old Reni Boswell's tribe) there, but I believe that they have gone now, though there may be one or two left. If so, they will be the only genuine Gypsies there. St. Mary Cray is a favourite winter *tan* of the Sterios and Yevanovices, and when they are in residence one might well hear Romanes spoken. But they are not there now.

The Cockney accent of Bill Baker is not in the least surprising. Most of the folk in this camp come from East Ham or Stepney or Wapping or some other district of the East End, and have not a drop of Romani blood in their veins. Baker is not, by the way, an old Gypsy name.

The Popular Report of the Bible Society for this year



Edited by ERIC FENN

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What Mr. Rolph has done is to give a very good and accurate picture of Corke's Meadow, the folk living there and the problem they set. But he should not have called them Gypsies, for they are not. I am not denying that there is a mumper problem. I know full well that there is. (I do not pretend to know what the solution for St. Mary Cray is—the solution for the New Forest is so simple that the official mind cannot grasp it at all—but I should be inclined to doubt if it lies in a "school" education of the young.) But it is a mumper, not a Gypsy, problem. There is really no more excuse for calling mumpers Gypsies than there is for calling Socialists Communists.

One further word: I would not argue with Mr. Rolph about the odour of St. Mary Cray. I have been there a number of times. But he seems to doubt the assertion that the Gypsy is among the cleanest persons on earth and does not stink. I suggest, Sir, that you now persuade him to spend a week with a real Gypsy family. It will be a very pleasant change for him after St. Mary Cray. And he will never mistake a mumper for a Gypsy again. BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

Farnham.

DEGAS DANCERS

SIR,—Sir Louis Fergusson's view of Miss Browse's *Degas Dancers* will not surprise anyone interested in the study of Degas, since he merely reiterates a few of the points he made at greater length when he reviewed the book in the *Burlington Magazine* (October, 1950). Then, as now, I see no grounds for accepting Miss Browse's claim, endorsed by Sir Louis, that the group of works by Degas, known as *Danseuses Russes*, depict Diaghileff's company dancing the gopak in *Festin*. I am well aware of Lafond's book to which Sir Louis draws my attention, but though Lafond was a friend of the artist, his statements are not always reliable. The passage that Sir Louis cites and which Miss Browse has paraphrased in her book states that Degas "eut vite fait d'apprécier le charme étrange et si particulier des ballets des *Sylphides*, du *Prince Igor*, du *Spectre de la Rose*, du *Cléopatre* . . .", given at the Théâtre du Chatelet in 1909. Now *Spectre de la Rose* was first performed in Monte Carlo in 1911 and not in Paris in 1909. And Lafond's reference to two famous dancers by name as Povlovna and Kursanvina is further proof, were any needed, of his unreliability in matters of detail. As for Sir Louis's assertion that Miss Browse's statement has "the countenance of such high authorities on Russian ballet as Alexandre Benois and Grigorieff," I need only quote from her own book M. Benois's opinion. Degas, he writes, "a translaté l'action en plein air 'dans les steppes,' et les couleurs mêmes des costumes ne m[illegible] paraissent pas être identiques à ceux qui figuraient à notre spectacle." Does this evasive statement prove Miss Browse's contention?

M. Lemoisne, who knew Degas well and first published a book about him during the painter's lifetime, is a more reliable authority. Out of his great knowledge of the man and of his work, this irrefutable scholar maintains that no drawings can be attributed to Degas after 1908. If this is not enough, there are always Degas's own words. "On sera bientôt un aveugle," he wrote in 1908; and within eight months of the Diaghileff season he was unable to see sufficiently to write a letter without eliding the words.

London, S.W.3. RICHARD JOHNSON

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IRELAND

SIR,—In your apt comment on the effect on the campaign for Irish unity of Mr. de Valera's return to power, you correctly indicate that one obstacle to reunification through "functional" association is the extent to which the six North-eastern counties of Ireland are becoming built-in to the British economy with the consequent loss of economic independence by the local Government in Northern Ireland.

Moreover, as you are well aware, the Northern Ireland Government has rather less say in matters of defence and external affairs than, say, the London County Council; these subjects are strictly reserved to the Imperial Government. Yet both in terms of economics and strategy it is impossible to disentangle functional association from the international aspect and keep it purely local: for example, Ireland's projected purchase of a half share in the Great Northern Railway gives her a strategic interest north of the British/Irish frontier in Ulster, and similar problems arise from the sharing of electric power generated south of the border with the war industries of Northern Ireland.

Clearly Ireland should be defended as one strategic unit, but the Irish Government cannot move troops from Dundalk to Donegal without making an absurd detour so as to avoid transgressing an international frontier, and at present the defence of Ireland is muddled between the Government of the United Kingdom, its satellite Government in Northern Ireland concerned with the internal political security of its local regime, and the Government of Ireland which, because of the border, cannot arm its defence forces.

However odd it may seem in the case of a war between the Free World and Communism, Neutralism is so strongly entrenched in Ireland that even national reunification would seem to many undesirable if thereby neutrality was endangered; here is a common meeting point for Neutralists and Partitionists which may have given the foundation for the "exchange of courtesies between Sir Basil Brooke and Mr. de Valera" to which you refer.

One can be pretty sure there is no agreement between the Government of Ireland and that in the Six Counties over developments in the port of Galway, though there might be some accord between Ireland and the U.S.A. on this matter and this would be most unpopular in Belfast. If this is so, it will be hard to square with the reassertion of neutralism and isolationism indicated by the re-establishment of Mr. de Valera in power.

Bellamont Forest, ERIC DORMAN O'GOWAN
Cootehill, Co. Cavan.

HE RAN ALL THE WAY

SIR,—May I correct a statement in Mr. John Benson's article "The Artist as Non-citizen" which appears in your current issue? He writes: "Is it a coincidence that John Garfield's new picture *He Ran All The Way*, based on a script by two writers who also appeared before the Committee, has been completely dropped?"

The answer is that it is not a coincidence, because it is not a fact. *He Ran All The Way* opened at the Paramount Theatre, New York, on June 20, and according to my information, has been enthusiastically received and is playing to exceptionally large audiences. The picture will also be distributed in this country by United Artists later in the year, and there is no question at all of its being witheld. J. POOLE

Director of Publicity.
United Artists Corporation Ltd.,
Film House, Wardour Street, W.1.

THE *PALL MALL GAZETTE*

SIR,—As one of the few survivors of the editorial staff of W. T. Stead and Sir Edward Cook, I am engaged on a book dealing with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with an account also of the *Westminster Gazette* on which I served with J. A. Spender.

Not a few of your elderly readers must have had acquaintance with some of these distinguished editors. I shall be very grateful indeed for any memories, and also I need not say, for letters, which will be carefully and promptly returned. J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT

Idbury Manor, Kingham, Oxford.

OCTOBER ELECTION

SIR,—Surely Critic was wrong when he said in London Diary—July 7 issue—that a new electoral register would come into force on October 15 next? In point of fact, no autumn register has been prepared since 1949; and the register now in force as from March 15 last will remain in force until March 14, 1952.

The autumn register was one of the items cut in Government expenditure last year. C. KNIGHT

Pontyresk Road, Abercarn, Mon.

[Critic writes: "Mr. Knight is quite right: the autumn register has been cut as an economy measure. But in order not to disqualify new voters for twelve months, it had been laid down that those whose 21st birthday falls between January 1st and mid-June are entitled to vote after mid-October. So my main argument holds."—ED. *N.S.&N.*]

IDOMENEO

SIR,—Mr. Desmond Shawe-Taylor says "there is really no mystery about the fate of Idomeneo." It is, he says, in an obsolete convention, and *opera seria*, at the time of its composition, was already a declining art form. But surely the whole problem of obsolete conventions is irrelevant. *Opera buffa* is as obsolete as *opera seria*, yet the sun never sets on *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. Nobody writes five-act tragedies in blank verse or alexandrines, but *Hamlet* and *Phèdre* still hold the stage. The only question is whether any particular work gives pleasure to a modern audience. As regards *Idomeneo*, the ordinary music lover at Glyndebourne, ignorant of learned definitions and classifications, is undoubtedly touched and carried away by this enchanting work. The pathos of the story moves him; the beauty of the music delights him. In fact it is a success. That we in England should have had to wait 170 years before hearing a professional performance of this masterpiece may well mystify any lover of Mozart's operas.

MARJORIE STRACHEY

1 Taviton Street, W.C.1.

JOHN ANDRÉ

SIR,—May I ask the assistance of your readers in my search for original manuscript and pictorial material referring to John André? He was born about 1751, lived in Clapham, was a friend of Anna Seward in Lichfield, studied in Germany, painted pictures and wrote poems, entered the British army, was sent to America, became Adjutant-General, was executed as a spy (1780) and was buried in Westminster Abbey; his family lived subsequently in Bath. I am writing a book which will combine his biography with that of the American general, Benedict Arnold, whose treason was responsible for André's death. Thus I should also be grateful for any material dealing with Arnold's career before 1781, when my study will end. Perhaps I should add, by way of credentials, that I have published seven books on American history. I should be greatly obliged to anyone who would get in touch with me. JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER

538 East Eighty-third Street,
New York 28, N.Y., U.S.A.

Books in General

How seldom in the literary life do we pause to pay a debt of gratitude except to the great or the fashionable, who are like those friends that we feel do us credit. Conrad, Dostoievsky, James, yes, but we are too ready to forget such figures as A. E. W. Mason, Stanley Weyman, and Rider Haggard, perhaps the greatest of all who enchanted us when we were young. Enchantment is just what this writer exercised; he fixed pictures in our minds that thirty years have been unable to wear away: the witch Gagool screaming as the rock-door closed and crushed her; Eric Brighteyes fighting his doomed battle; the death of the tyrant Chaka; Umslopagaas holding the queen's stairway in Milosis. It is odd how many violent images remain like a prophecy of the future; the love passages were quickly read and discarded from the mind, though now they seem oddly moving (as when Queen Nyleptha declares her love to Sir Henry Curtis in the midnight hall), a little awkward and stilted perhaps, but free from ambiguities and doubts, and with the worn rhetoric of honesty.

One welcomes the reprints of the novels now appearing from Messrs. Macdonald's* with new illustrations which, it is to be hoped, will appeal to the young readers of to-day as the Griffenhagens did to us, though they have not that intense black and white melodramatic fury.

I am glad that his daughter's vivid and well-written biography† leaves Rider Haggard where he was in the imagination: the tall bearded figure with the presence of Sir Henry Curtis and the straightforwardness of Quatermain. This life does not belong to the unhappy world of letters: there are no rivalries, jealousies, nerve storms, no toiling miserably against the grain, no ignoble ambivalent vision which finds a kind of copy even in personal grief. The loss of his only son in childhood nearly broke Haggard in middle life, but yet his grief had the common direct quality: he was not compelled to watch himself turn it into words. "Jock was dead, so he mustn't be mentioned," Sir Godfrey Haggard writes:

> To come on a book or a toy that once had belonged to my young cousin (whom I never knew) was to strike a hush over the room such as might almost have been observed towards a relative who had been hanged for murder. There was a guilty silence. Jock haunted the house far more obtrusively because everyone there pretended they could not see him, and the poor schoolboy wraith seemed to be begging piteously for some notice, so that at last he might be laid to rest.

A few words from Allan Quatermain on how the joy of life had left him with his son's death—"I have just buried my boy, my poor handsome boy of whom I was so proud, and my heart is broken. It is very hard having only one son to lose him thus; but God's will be done. Who am I that I should complain?" This is all Haggard allowed himself. He was a public author and the private life remained the private life in so far as he could control it.

The poetic element in Haggard's work breaks out where the control fails. Because the hidden man was so imprisoned, when he does emerge it is against enormous pressure from the walls, and the effect is often one of horror, a risen Lazarus—next time he must be buried deeper. Perhaps that is why some of his early readers found his work obscene (it seems incredible to us). An anonymous letter-writer wrote to him:

> As regards *She*, it is a tissue of the most sickening trash that was ever printed, the only parts worth reading are borrowed—I could quote the books if I liked. None but a foul-minded liar could invent such sickening details. I trace a good deal of the diabolical murders that have been lately committed to the ideas promulgated by your foul trash. Of course, it *pays* and you don't care a damn, nevertheless the opinion of the decent public is that you are a skunk and a very foul one.

Even of *King Solomon's Mines* another anonymous correspondent wrote: "We approached this book with feelings of curiosity—we left with those of loathing and disgust."

It is simple to trace the influence of the public life on his work, the public life of the boy as well as of the man. There is, for example, a neighbouring farmer, "a long lank man in a smocked frock, called Quatermain." In Zululand, where he went whilst still a boy on the staff of the Governor of Natal, he met Gagool in the body (we suspect he had met her in the spirit long before). Pagéte's warriors are performing a war dance. "Suddenly there stood before us a creature, a woman—tiny, withered, and bent nearly double by age, but in her activity passing comprehension. Clad in a strange jumble of snake skins, feathers, furs and bones; a forked wand in her outstretched hand, she rushed to and fro before the little group of white men, crying

> "Ou, Ou, Ai, Ai, Ai,
> Oh! ye warriors that shall dance before the great ones of the earth, come!
> Oh! ye dyers of spears, ye plumed suckers of blood, come!
> I, the witch finder;
> I, the wise woman;
> I, the seer of strange sights;
> I, the reader of dark thoughts; call ye!"

Umslopagaas with the great hole in his head above the left temple, carrying his spiked axe Imkosi-kaas, came down one day from Swaziland and became Haggard's friend. All through his life we can find the superficial material for his books, even the dull adult books like *Mr. Meeson's Will*. His life provides Zulu impis, war, flight, shipwreck, a treasure hunt in Mexico, even the City of London, but what we do not so easily detect is the very thing that makes these books live to-day with undiminished vitality—the emergence of the buried man.

There are some revealing passages in his friendship with Rudyard Kipling. Fishing together for trout at Bateman's, these two elderly men—in some ways the most successful writers of their time, linked together to their honour even by their enemies ("the prose that knows no reason, and the unmelodious verse," "When the Rudyards cease from Kipling, and the Haggards ride no more"), suddenly let out the secret. "I happened to remark," Haggard wrote,

> that I thought this world was one of the hells. He replied he did not think—he was certain of it. He went on to show that it had every attribute of hell; doubt, fear, pain, struggle, bereavement, almost irresistible temptations springing from the nature with which we are clothed, physical and mental suffering, etc., ending in the worst fate man can devise for man, Execution!

Haggard's comment starts shockingly from the page in its very casualness, and then we begin to remember the passages we skated so lightly over in the adventure stories when we were young and the world held promise: there was, for example, Allan Quatermain dying and resigned:

> Well, it is not a good world—nobody can say that it is, save those who wilfully blind themselves to facts. How can a world be good in which Money is the moving power, and Self-Interest the guiding star? The wonder is not that it is so bad but that there should be any good left in it.

Quatermain remembers the good things of life, how he "watched the wild game trek down to the water in the moonlight. But I should not wish to live again." And we remember too the Brethren and the quite casual comment not unlike Haggard's to Kipling, "So they went, talking earnestly of all these things, but, save in God, finding no hope at all."

They seemed so straightforward to us once, those books we first encountered behind the steel grille of the school library, casting a glow over the dull neighbouring H's: Henty already abandoned and Hope not yet enjoyed: *The Wanderer's Necklace* (with the hero blinded by the queen to whom he remains faithful to the last), *Montezuma's Daughter* (and her suicide beside her lover), *Ayesha* (with the mad Khan's hunting), *Nada the Lily* (and the death of the beloved). We did not notice the melancholy end of every adventure or know that the battle scenes took their tension from the fear of death which so haunted Haggard from one night in his childhood when he woke in the moonlight:

> He put out his hand . . . how odd it looked in the moonlight, dead—dead. Then it happened. He realized that one day that hand would be limp also, that he could not lift it any more—it would be dead—he would be dead. The awful, inescapable certainty hung over him like a pall of misery. He felt it would be better if he died at once—he wished he were dead, rather than have to live with that in front of him.

Haggard's own melancholy end, with falling royalties and the alienation of the Norfolk lands he loved, departing from the doomed house with a flower in his buttonhole to the operation he guessed would be final, comes closer to adult literature perhaps than any of his books. It is not the sound of Umslopagaas's axe that we hear, cracking the marble monument in the moment of his death, so much as the sound of trees falling, the strokes of the axe far away in the cherry orchard. One thinks again: how much we loved him when we were young—the gleam of Captain Good's

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* *Allan's Wife; Allan Quatermain; Eric Brighteyes; Montezuma's Daughter; Nada the Lily; People of the Mist; She.* (Macdonald. 8s. 6d. each.)

† *The Cloak That I Left.* By Lilias Rider Haggard. (Hodder & Stoughton. 18s.)

monocle, the last stand of the Greys, de Garcia tracked through the snows—and how little we knew. "Occasionally one sees the Light, one touches the pierced feet, one thinks that the peace which passes understanding is gained—then all is gone again." Could we have believed that our hero wrote that, or have been interested if we had known?

GRAHAM GREENE

THE TOMB

Death is to be I, alone,
Shut in this coffin of flesh and bone,

The woven shroud of years and days
Wound about me by time and space.

Death is to be I, and separate
From sun and bird, from soil and root.

At my head six weepers sit,
And seven lamenting at my feet.

Buried in my body's grave
Lies the banished queen of love,

In her hand an ear of corn,
Offering of the dead, a harvest won
From stony ground and barren earth.

KATHLEEN RAINE

FROM WALNEY ISLAND

This shore looks back to England: two hundred yards
Of tide, and the boats fratching on their leashes
Like dogs that sniff a stranger. An oily fret
Smudges the mud-mark till the screes of slag
Seem floating on the water. Smoke and fog
Wash over crane and derrick, and chimneystacks
Ripple and ruck in the suck and swim of the air
Like fossil trunks of trees in a drowned forest.
Away in the docks the unlaunched hulls of ships
Seem sunk already, lying on the swash bed
With barnacles and algae.

The sea
Flows up the channel, and the insulated eye,
Picking and prodding among old boots and cobbles,
Selects and builds a private landscape—fancy,
Finned like a fish, flashes about an abstract
Underwater world of shapes and shadows,
Where men are only movement, where fire and furnace
Are only highlights, lines and angles. Forms
Lose their function, names soak off the labels,
And upside-down is rightways, while the eye,
Playing at poet with a box of colours,
Daubs its pleasures across the sky.

The tide
Turns and slides back, and banks of mud
Heave up like waking sleepers pushing the sheets aside;
And, linking shore to shore, emerges
A dripping rib of concrete, half bridge, half causeway,
With neither curb nor handrail,
A foot above the water. Bare toes or hobnails,
Gripping among the slime and seaweed, find
A short cut to the cockles or to work.

And like a stone
Thrown through a window-pane, the path
Smashes the panorama, pricking the pattern, bringing back
A human meaning to the scene. Shadows
Are walls again, angles revert to roofs,
And roofs and walls relate themselves to men.
The hunger of a hundred thousand lives
Aches into brick and iron, the pain
Of generations in continual child-birth
Throbs through the squirming smoke, and love and need
Run molten into the cold moulds of time.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE WONDER

The Letters of John Clare. Edited by J. W. and ANNE TIBBLE. *Routledge.* 30s.

Green Shadows: The Life of John Clare. By JUNE WILSON. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 18s.

Those who have been moved by Clare's poetry and by his story will turn with some eagerness to the first published collection of his letters. But to make a first acquaintance with the poet by way of this volume would be a mistake indeed. It is not merely that the eye is discouraged by Clare's individual punctuation and spelling. Letter-writing was, in fact, not his medium; though he could, when he wished, write prose that has the particular and telling quality of his verse—as his notes and diaries show. But in this collection it is only in the asylum letters, for all their note of sad and homely simplicity, that every sentence becomes striking and significant. With the restraint of saneness removed, the threads of Clare's life show clear and distinct; the grief of poverty, the passionate love of nature—that particularly of his home village—the desire for recognition ("the spirit . . . of living a little after death"), and most of all his long, obsessive love for Mary Joyce whom he did not marry, but who became through the years the symbol of all joys and all frustrations.

As for the main body of the letters, though—without a biographical reference at hand they make unrewarding reading. They reveal, moreover, little of Clare's rare quality as a poet. What they do is to hammer home some aspects of what must be the most painful story in literary biography. The rather bluntly drawn picture that they give suggests at first sight not the poet who was a countryman, but the labourer who wrote poetry—the view of Clare held by not a few of his patrons (those, for instance, who received him in the servants' hall and warned him against "radical" and "ungrateful" sentiments in his verses) and by the anonymous clergymen who wrote advising him to remember his humble station. Nevertheless, we are soon reminded that the two Clares were not separate. He was, in fact, one of the very few English poets to whom the almost universal pastoral idiom was a direct and not a literary matter. In the periods of his greatest depression he could yet write about kindred subjects to his friends Henderson and Artis; one a naturalist, one an archæologist; both, by the way, upper servants in the household of Lord Milton. His own nature notes have this double character—"the landrail or landrake," he writes,

> I dont think you know these names but you know the bird its a little thing heard about the grass & wheat in summer . . . tis like a spirit you may track it by its noise a whole day and never urge it to take wing.

Clare was born in 1793 and died, after thirty years of asylum life, in 1864. These letters begin at the time when he was "discovered"—a year or two, that is, before Taylor published his first volume of poems in 1820. Taylor, whom Clare described as "a kind of screne" between him and the world is, indeed, the principal recipient. But the temperamental publisher was not so much a screen as a link; a link between the two Clares; between Clare and that mysterious Fame that would sometimes urge his blood "upward into unconscious melodys"; the power that would wake his poems into the life of print. The effect on Clare of Taylor's silences was paralysing. "For gods sake dont tell me more of ppls coming," a letter may begin, "for the dissapointment is the worst of the perplexity." Or—"I have nothing to find fault with but your delays and neglects for I must confess that they not only injure my temper but hurt my mind very often."

Clare's temper veered, it is true, between gloom and ecstasy; but the wants that led to his breakdown were simple enough. His analogy is with Van Gogh rather than with Cowper. The burden of supporting his large family—his parents and the seven of his children who survived infancy—was only slightly lifted by a meagre pension, the gift of several wealthy patrons, and Clare's nervous irritation was not lessened by "the writing for and the hunting about & other appendages due in apologys and thanks repeated and expected as eternally as the ticking of a clock." Field-work he did when he could get it:

> I have been out to hard labour most part of this summer . . . but the price of labour is so low here that it is little better than parish relief to the poor man who where there is a large family is litterally pining.

He wished, not for any fundamental change, but for independence. Yet an attempt to gain it by moving three miles away to a larger cottage with a piece of land threw him into a fever of apprehension; the move made, he wrote in an affecting letter:

> I have had some difficulties to leave the woods & heaths & favourite spots that have known me so long for the very molehills on the heath & the old trees in the hedges seem bidding me farewell . . . and altho my flitting is not above three miles off—there is neither wood nor heath furze bush molehill or oak tree about it & a Nightingale never reaches as far in her summer excursions—would you believe it but the fact is it is so. . . .

Small wonder, then, that separation from his home was the chief trial of his asylum sojourn, just as nature was his chief consolation. And there were times, as he was to write in a letter to the long-dead Mary Joyce, when even this failed as a solace:

> I sat under the Elm trees . . . 2 or 3 evenings & wrote a new Canto of Don Juan—merely to pass the time away but nothing seemed to shorten it in the least & I fear I shall not be able to wear it away—nature to me seems dead & her very pulse seems frozen to an icicle in the summer sun.

But on the whole, there is little such poetry in Clare's letters. What there is, is a considerable first-hand evidence for others to whom Clare's tale should be of peculiar interest—the sociologist, the physician and the psychological expert.

Green Shadows, the only available full-length *Life*, I believe, since the Tibbles' comprehensive biography of 1932, provides a good general introduction to Clare; though its delicacy about not over-burdening the reader with notes and dates makes it unsatisfactory as a work of reference. It went to press, the author tells us, before Mr. Grigson's *Poems of John Clare's Madness* appeared (a book to which all readers of Clare must eventually turn); and it is on the asylum period that the material and the conclusions are least adequate. But the main part is sound and thoughtful, if it breaks no new ground; and the text includes a number of interesting prose quotations which are not at the moment easily accessible elsewhere.

NAOMI LEWIS

JOS WEDGWOOD

The Last of the Radicals. By C. V. WEDGWOOD. *Cape.* 16s.

Few politicians deserve a Life and Letters, presenting them as public figures and providing material for the future historian. Even fewer deserve to be commemorated in a personal portrait, their political activities overshadowed by their private character. Josiah Wedgwood was in the latter class; and his niece, the well-known historian, has written a short biography of him which is a model of art and charm. It would be pointless to pick and choose among its varied excellence; to repeat a telling anecdote; or dress up a revealing phrase. Better simply to say that here is a portrait of a character in the full sense of the term; a champion of justice who did not mind appearing as Don Quixote; if not the last of the radicals, a great credit to radicalism.

There perhaps is a theme transcending the individual, a theme suggested by the title itself. Was Wedgwood a typical radical? Was he indeed the last of the race? He certainly came to radicalism by an odd path—as a soldier in the Boer War and a magistrate in South Africa after it. Even the cause to which he was converted was odd: it was the Single Tax, preached by that forgotten, but once mighty, figure, Henry George. It seems puzzling now that the taxation of land values once appeared as the solution of all social ills, but the explanation is not far to seek. Hos-

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tility to the landowner was the last cause which could unite capitalist and worker. Wedgwood illustrates this point. He was well-to-do and came from high capitalist society; yet he could be a radical candidate in the election of 1906 without any serious breach with his family. He began, one might say, when it was still possible to be both rich and a radical. This is hardly fair: the essence of a radical is to be rich—when a poor man is radical it loses interest. Still Wedgwood started his political career in the last parliament which had a majority for "the People" and yet a higher average income among its members than any known before.

Wedgwood was pulled over into a newer radicalism by the issue of war. Though himself always a fighting man and a bellicose anti-German in both wars, he was ready to support anti-war propagandists and conscientious objectors. Tom Mann and his pamphlet, *Don't Shoot*, first shook Wedgwood's faith in the Liberal party; but he remained a Liberal throughout the first German war and even got the Lloyd George "coupon" in 1918. It was the Treaty of Versailles which finished the process. Wedgwood was one of the very few members of parliament to speak against the Treaty, and this opposition carried him into the I.L.P. It is curious that his strongest objection was to the settlement of the Polish frontier, for which he was to support a war twenty years later. Henceforth Wedgwood sat as a Labour member of parliament; but it was a position in which he was increasingly frustrated. He disliked the party discipline which grew ever more rigid; and he did not possess the genuine I.L.P. sentimentality with which the party machine could be occasionally disarmed. In fact, if Newcastle-under-Lyme had not been something in the nature of a Wedgwood pocket-borough, his career in the Labour party would have been short. This, too, is typical of radicalism. It needs pocket-boroughs to keep it in existence; mass-electorates are its ruin.

Wedgwood once defined his sort of Socialism as "a land (or a time) when we shall not need policemen." His creed was thus a vague anarchism, though without any idea how to arrive at it. Since he had little interest in the main line of Labour policy, he threw his energy into side-issues, such as Zionism and the History of Parliament. He attacked the revised Prayer Book and defended Edward VIII. He was on the right side against Mussolini, against Franco, against Hitler. Altogether there was much to be proud of in his political life and nothing to be ashamed of. Yet his story ends somehow in a minor key. It was easier to be a radical in the days of Edward VII than in those of the dictators, and Wedgwood did not possess the secret of winning the new governing classes for the old radical causes. But he was wrong to call himself the last of the radicals. Radicalism has to learn new techniques; but it will keep alive so long as the spirit of rebellion lives in anyone.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

A PRINCELY NOSE

A Mirror for Princes. The Qābūs Nāma. By KAI KĀ'ŪS IBN ISKANDER, Prince of Gurgān. Translated by REUBEN LEVY. *Cresset Press.* 15s.

"May your nose grow fatter." Ever since, in some collection of proverbial lore, I chanced upon this Persian greeting, it has winked at me out of the centuries. There's something of George Robey in it, of wines and spices also. Persia came before Iran, and to-day most of us can find pleasure in dipping back to the times before oil. *A Mirror for Princes* belongs, on the whole comfortably, to the newly Islamic world of the twelfth century A.D.

Not that, I should say, its old author has an especially fat nose. A princely one, an artful, well-nourished one, good for looking down and not easily put out, shines forth from these pages. "God had power, truth to tell, to make all men rich; but in his wisdom he decreed that some should be rich and others poor, that the rank and honour due to different men might be clearly shown and the more noble of them be distinguished." Therefore, he insists on alms-giving as a religious duty, and a very self-satisfactory duty no doubt it can be. The Prince of Gurgān has no uncertainties about his standing either here or hereafter. So frankly businesslike are the terms of his insurance policy against eternity that one wonders, at times, whether he hasn't underestimated his Higher Authority. Here, for example, he would seem to go rather far. "If you have some talent for pious poems and those which proclaim the oneness of God, then do not neglect it; it will stand you in good stead both in this world and the next." Such tips may come from the stable, but ought they to be so generously passed on? However, the danger (if danger it is) never troubles this accomplished master of etiquette.

His book is compared by the translator to Chesterfield's *Letters*; but the Persian princeling is both less scoundrelly and less sagacious in his advice to the young. It is not so much cynicism as adherence to court manners that makes him pronounce thus:

> Be of ready speech, my son, yet never tell lies and do not gain the reputation of being a liar. Rather become known for veracity, so that if ever in an emergency you utter a lie it will be believed.

And his conclusion—which seems to leave out any possibility of one's being found out—is that the true-seeming lie is always preferably to false-seeming truth. Duties and manners, Polonian worldly wisdom, the arts of flattery, the abracadabra of medicine and astrology, politics, fashion, homely details about food and music and games and sex: the instruction sets out to cover everything, and succeeds in a manner more high-toned than high-minded. One should get drunk indoors so as not to provide a spectacle; a bath should be taken every second day; a son-in-law should be chosen for good looks and a position decently lower than one's own; the spring is the most suitable time for love, but "during the summer let your desires incline towards youths and during the winter towards women"; and in chess or backgammon it is better to let your opponent play first. In general the Prince is blandly serious, and when we smile the responsibility is ours. Quite a few smiles will reward the reader. Nevertheless, I am not convinced that the following passage—a charming example of the fun to be derived from this book—was written without the tongue in the cheek:

> Yet, if once or twice a year you find pleasure in polo, I regard it as permissible. But you should not indulge in a great deal of riding, because in that there is danger. The men riding should number not more than eight in all; you should be stationed at one end of the field and another man at the other end, with six men on the field actually playing the ball. When the ball comes in your direction, return it and bring your horse up; but take no part in the scrimmage, thereby avoiding collision. You can achieve your purpose merely by looking on.
>
> That is how men of distinction play polo.

A Mirror for Princes has been appreciatively translated by Professor Reuben Levy, and his scholarly introduction is an enjoyment in itself.

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The Sky is a Lonely Place. By LOUIS FALSTEIN *Hart-Davis.* 10s. 6d.

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Yi-Coyo and His Shark. By CLEMENT RICHER. *Hart-Davis.* 8s. 6d.

Image in the Dust. By WARWICK SCOT. *Peter Davies.* 9s. 6d.

Considered as an example of the art of the novel, Mr. Falstein's offering is no great shakes. Considered as a piece of American reportage, or fictionalised sociology, it is good. Mr. Falstein's field of study is the air war as carried on by the Italian-based American Air Force, and in its vividness, its excitement and its humanity it is a superior specimen of its type, of which the occasionally

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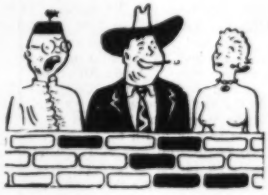

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JOHN LEHMANN

forced and pretentious overtones are also characteristic. The "plot" is nothing at all; simply the deterioration of a Liberator crew into a collection of corpses, failures, maniacs, cripples and bored frightened survivors. Mr. Falstein writes with authority about the experiences of an air gunner, and has realised, as few English writers do—although we're coming to one who has a good idea of it—that readers are prepared to accept an enormous amount of information from a writer who knows what he's talking about. This book really does give one a powerful impression of what it was like to be an air gunner in a Liberator.

It would be interesting, incidentally, to know why Mr. Falstein—making what seems like a safe assumption that he was himself an air gunner—put these experiences in the form of fiction. Comparable books in Britain—Mr. J. P. W. Mallalieu's *Very Ordinary Seaman* being an outstanding example—are generally written as straight reminiscence. The commercial prestige of fiction is of course high in the United States, and, once again, Americans are not afraid of putting information in a novel, but there is another, and in Mr. Falstein's case, I am sure, a more important reason. American "liberalism" has come out strongly in these war-reminiscing novels; Irwin Shaw's *The Young Lion* and Hans Habe's *Walk in Darkness* being examples. Front-line fighting is an under-privileged activity at best, and point is gained when it is seen through especially under-privileged eyes—those of the private soldier as against the keen commissioned officer (compare *All Quiet on the Western Front* with *The Storm of Steel*); or the raw recruit, as in *The Red Badge of Courage*.

Mr. Falstein's narrator is a Jew; and this novel is punctuated with the awkward remarks and embarrassed silences of his position. He is older than his comrades, a separate, cautious, mature observer of their brash, neurotic behaviour. And it is this theme, the American version of the classic European theme of the bourgeois finding acceptance in aristocratic society, which makes Mr. Falstein's book, after all, something of a novel. But he does not make enough of it, and from our British point of view his book remains a kind of essay in sociology. What, we must often wonder, as we watch the cigar-smoking Top Sergeant and his girl in the pub, what makes the Yanks the way they are?—and if Mr. Falstein doesn't exactly supply an answer, he injects sympathy into our wonder.

Perhaps *Follow Me Down*, in its way, also makes a contribution to Anglo-American understanding. It could be described as a vignette of the New Traditional South, land of the cuspidor and moron, and it does, in its account of the brief love-life of Beulah the hustler and Luther the Bible-puncher, add another touch or two of sympathy to our speculations about the Top Sergeant. Luther, middle-aged, nothing to look at, and rank in smell, meets Beulah, and is tempted. Not only tempted; in the words of another small farmer from another Bible-belt, he "took the opportunity of some dry horse-litter and gave her such a thundering scalade as electrified the very marrow of her bones." They go off together, and in an access of guilt he drowns her. It's the sort of risk you all run every time you cross a street in the South, and next time you see the Top Sergeant you can remember that maybe he was raised in a place very different from Dagenham. It should be added that Mr. Foote brings a fair measure of well-concealed irony, as well as compassion, to bear on this milieu.

Yi-Coyo and his Shark is a story about a West Indian boy who, by taming a shark, secures a monopoly of the coins thrown overboard from the liners in the harbour. An agreeable frivolity, it goes on rather too long, and both the fun and the elegant brutality would be more striking if they didn't occasionally recall *Prancing Nigger*. ("I want a Villa with a water-closet. . . .") I suppose it is what one sees described as "holiday reading."

So is *Image in the Dust*. If on a train journey you are prepared to skip through a love-story that reads like vulgarised Balchin, you will be rewarded, when the tedium is getting serious, with an account of a motor race which for excitement, information, and the appearance of absolute professional authenticity is a first-class essay in the difficult task of describing physical action.

J. D. SCOTT

POLLSTERS' LEXICON

Public Opinion 1935-1946. *Princeton University Press: Cumberlege.* £8 2s. 6d

Compiled by Mildred Strunk, under the editorial direction of Hadley Cantril, of Princeton's Office of Public Opinion Research, this monumental volume (Lix + 1,191 pp.) brings together the results of opinion polls conducted, between 1935 and 1946, in sixteen countries. As a source-book for research into the efficacy and limitations of polls, it is obviously invaluable to the specialist student. From the standpoint of general interest, the emphasis is placed inevitably on the Western world; indeed, the "average" individual whose views are embodied in this massive compendium lives mainly either in the United States or Britain. True, several Continental countries have received attention from the pollsters: the results in Germany, for instance, are remarkable as showing how far the pendulum, after World War II, had swung away from militarism and the hero-myth. But, in so far as his picture emerges from these pages, the Little Man, whose views are tabulated, is racially what Peking and Moscow radios describe as "Anglo-American."

Some of his opinions—whether his earnings seemed adequate in a particular war year, or what he proposed to buy after VE Day—are now too "dated" to be of much significance; and in many cases one feels that *l'uomo qualunque* was being taken by the pollsters considerably out of his depth. For example, though it is conceivably of interest to ascertain whether he believes that the United Nations can successfully outlaw war or should control the uses of atomic energy, the value of his forecasts of, say, future price-trends or long-term movements in the standard of living is problematic. Yet the student of common humanity may find it an intriguing exercise to riffle these pages and try to build up a composite photograph of this "Anglo-American." He emerges as, on the whole, a cautious, decent fellow. At the end of the war he was not against the wholesale liquidation of Nazi leaders (not excluding the idea of death by torture), but even in the U.S. he disapproves of lynching, and is circumspectly in favour of general disarmament in a world which he hopes will remain at peace. He is a home lover: he wants to have not less than two and not more than four children; finds his chief amusement in watching sport and listening to the radio; likes a little gambling; is not a great reader and rarely buys a book, but is broadly satisfied with the sort of newspaper he gets.

On the whole, he seems reasonably happy. He tends to like his job; and, if he lives in the U.S., both wants and hopes to be his own boss—an ambition much less widely entertained in Britain. He has his worries: the problem of making ends meet bulks large in his cosmos. In some respects, too, he has difficulty in making up his mind: though he is fairly certain which columnist he prefers, and has got definite preferences among radio entertainers, he is very uncertain which is his choice of favourite film star. Paradoxically, though he is disclosed as badly educated and ill-informed on matters and places outside his own country, he is singularly opinionative about some questions on which scientists hesitate to express an opinion: one out of every two asked felt they knew the cause of poliomyelitis. As for faith, he is not a church-goer but has a surprisingly unanimous belief in survival after death—above all, if he lives in the U.S. Europeans are not so sure. Because they have "had enough," or because they have known defeat in this world? One is left to speculate.

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Vol. XXII No. 3 July-September, 1951

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STENDHAL

Lamiel. By STENDHAL. Trans. with an introduction by T. W. Earp. *Turnstile Press.* 9s. 6d.

Lamiel is one more of Stendhal's unfinished improvisations. It was begun on his depressed return to Civita Vecchia in 1839 and he was still adding to it eight weeks before he died in 1842. The fragment is, among other things, a lucid little object lesson in the social or political approach to character. Lamiel is an orphan girl adopted by Norman peasants rising in the world after the revolution. She is taken up by a chatelaine who has become a duchess too late to enjoy the pleasures of her rank, and is educated by a rogue of a doctor and a frightened and infatuated priest. Between her three instructors, Lamiel grows up into an enquiring girl of independent genius. She becomes a cocotte of the highest rank, but neither from love nor from ambition. She is discovering her "truth" about the world. She does not become "sublime" until she has been provoked by a robber and enemy of society, who is barely sketched into the narrative, and she was to end by setting fire to the Palace of Justice, in order to avenge his death. A very lurid plot, superficially Eugène Sue, but in fact straining back to the Renaissance, was promised; or, at any rate, we were to jump to a more sublime view of character than the bourgeois dispensation has admired. Like many of Stendhal's plots it would have contained elements that are too eccentric to swallow, partly because his critical spirit runs awkwardly with such spurts into high drama. But Lamiel herself is a perfectly realised and deeply interesting girl. She has brains and spirit and foreshadows a much later type of woman. For Stendhal, the superb human beings are the rootless who are at variance with a society which is money-grubbing and without excellence of heart.

Any fragment of Stendhal raises the unending question of the whole of Stendhal. Mr. Earp's introduction to a fine translation offers the sound observations of one who knows his subject thoroughly. Boredom, as he says, is one of the subjects of the tale. Stendhal was dying of boredom in Civita Vecchia, but his malady must have grown out of the split in his temperament. His picture of the boredom of the Norman chateau is wonderfully amusing, for his diagnoses have the gaiety of a dry intelligence. The Duchess herself is a middle-aged sleeping beauty, arrogant, reactionary and dulled by a social regime which has its roots in the follies of politics. Stendhal's sensibility to the social anatomy of his characters is one of his satisfactions to a later age :

> It must be mentioned that, of the Revolution's disastrous effects, that which Mme de Moissens most remarked was the assumption of an appearance of dignity and pride by the daughters of lower class individuals who had made a little money. Lamiel was too vivacious and energetic to move with slow steps and eyes cast down, or at least with gaze withdrawn to pass over the splendid carpet in the duchess's drawing room. The charitable counsels of the maids had given Lamiel a curious attraction; she indeed walked slowly, but like a chained gazelle; a thousand little impulsive movements revealed her village upbringing. She was incapable of acquiring the carriage adopted in fine society, which has to seem the final effort of a nature demanding only to take no action.

And there is the exquisite observation :

> Though Lamiel was lightness itself, everything was so silent in the vast mansion that the shock of her bounds was perceptible all through it.

The social and political chains are on the duchess, just as much as they are on Lamiel, the cynical doctor with his inferiority, his ambition, his tendency to villainy and malice in private and public life. Lamiel's second lover is a perfectly observed "gentleman"; admirable and good, he is caged in behaviour; just as her next lover is caged in pretentiousness, the fear the new rich have that their past will come to light, "the chief cause of the 19th century's depression." These generalisations are always pointed, exact and exciting to the mind. The duchess (says the wicked doctor) :

> is always talking about kindness; it is, according to her, the greatest of virtues; the true motive of her admiration is that, like all women of rank, she prefers to deal with dupes rather than rogues; that is the whole secret of the pretended social code of which women of her position are always talking.

In his guerilla forays into all levels of 19th-century society, Stendhal is the most exact and pointed collector of the items of class consciousness and their significance.

"The natural tendency," he said in the notes to this novel—which Mr. Earp has included in his introduction — "of Dominque's (Stendhal's) imagination is to *see*, to invent characteristic details . . . . My talent—if it is talent— lies in improvisation." The details in *Lamiel* are crystalline. How brilliantly realised are the incidents of Lamiel's childhood, how delicately brusque, well-turned and well-placed are her courtships; things like her escape from the commercial travellers, her studious visits to the opera, her management of her flight to Paris. The effect of truthfulness, gaiety, the freshness of life is immediate. Except for the last twenty pages or so, the fragment is whole. Perhaps it was Stendhal's happy encounter with his young mistress, Giulia Martini in Florence, on his way to the boredom of Civita Vecchia, that revivified his spirit. In this, the happiest of his love affairs, it was she who, like Lamiel—though in a less delicate episode—had made the first advances.

V. S. PRITCHETT

EXHIBITIONS

The Year is 1851. By PATRICK HOWARTH. *Collins.* 18s.

The Story of Exhibitions. By KENNETH W. LUCKHURST. *Studio Publications.* 30s.

Mr. Howarth's book, attractively produced and lavishly illustrated, sets out frankly to exploit a topical theme. It is presented with a commendable straightforwardness, pleasantly free from facile contrasts and forced parallels between Then and Now, by which slickness, at every level of sophistication, attempts to import "life" into history. Unfortunately, aiming to be all-inclusive, he is compelled to a brevity in which only the impressionist sketch or the anecdote usually retain any freshness. He avoids both, and the essence of very little has survived the ruthless process of boiling-down and potting that has been necessary. An insipid connective tissue of generalities seeps about a gritty disorder of unassimilated facts and figures. One suspects even the most unspecialised reader will find a wearisome familiarity in most of what he is shown. Employing a stuffily pontifical style, Mr. Howarth rapidly explores a variety of topics, along well-trodden paths. First, a résumé of social development from Victoria's accession (a small-scale imitation of the Hammonds' detailed and fascinating survey, long available as a Pelican, seems lacking in point); then particular aspects of 1851—the poor, with statistics (*i.e.* selections from Mayhew)—fashions (from Cunnington)—births and deaths; then summaries (from eight lines to several pages) of affairs in twenty-one nations—where the obstinate uncommunicativeness of lumps of contextless fact emphasises the defects of the presentation; finally, a pen-portrait of Prince Albert and a brief glimpse of the Exhibition.

The author describes this as "an experiment in the technique of the scrapbook." Mr. Howarth's fine selection of illustrations approaches this; but dates, sources and artists are never revealed; instead, there are tritely didactic captions in large italics, reminiscent of some Child's History in Pictures.

Mr. Luckhurst's book, also impressively illustrated, offers a contrast and a comment. If its appearance was prompted by a specific occasion, its intrinsic merits make this seem almost accidental. Thoroughly but never intrusively documented, there is no suspicion of the single secondary source lurking through extensive passages, just below the surface. Considerable research is disguised by a freely colloquial style,

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which never descends to mere empty chattiness; and, beating Mr. Howarth on his home ground, clearer historical perspectives, a better flavour of period, emerge as by-products from this thematically more concentrated study.

Exhibitions, Mr. Luckhurst insists, defining his approach, are not just collections of objects, but "human activities, human enterprises . . . undertaken for definite reasons . . . to achieve specific results . . . a form of human intercourse." He tracks every form of his quarry, from 1756—when the Royal Society of Arts, of which he is now secretary, inaugurated annual, competitive displays to encourage Arts, Manufactures and Commerce—to modern times, and fixes their positions on the social, cultural and economic map. A coherent pattern is constructed, and a summing-up raises some fundamental questions, which it does not attempt to answer exhaustively, on the further development and potential uses of exhibitions. Though not a brilliant book, it performs a worth-while job painstakingly, and, for the reader, enjoyably. I. R. F. CALDER

The Richardson Story. By FRANCIS WILLIAMS. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Political satire is a difficult medium; in this *critique* of psychological warfare, the difficulties that beset U.N. efforts at international control of new weapons, and the fears and suspicions which bedevil East-West relationships, Mr. Williams has tried to make what might have been an amusing miniature fill too large a frame. The reader is asked to imagine that a World War II "boffin" has discovered how to impose on film sound-tracks or broadcast transmissions a set of supersonic impulses which the listener does not consciously hear but to which he responds as to a mass-hypnotist. Tried as a method of stimulating sales of a patent medicine, the invention works like a charm—until the inventor discloses his secret to outraged but helpless consumers. Here—never mind the implausibility of the idea—the author had scope for a merry tilt at American sales technique. But he goes on to assume that supersonic slogans will be used to convert every Marxist to Trumanism or, alternatively, to weaken irreparably the belief of the West in democracy. In short, a mental atom bomb which becomes the concern of the U.N. and the occasion for a meeting in San Francisco of President (*sic*) Stalin and the other Big Three. The inventor and his secret perish, through a misunderstanding, and that is the end of it. But long before the end the fun has evaporated: the reader's credulity is overstrained in the process of "blowing up" an amusing snapshot into an enlargement which the negative is inadequate to carry.

An Irish Portrait: The Autobiography of Paul Henry, R.H.A. *Batsford.* 15*s.*

As a romantic landscape painter, Mr. Paul Henry may be said to have discovered the West of Ireland and made it popular. His mountains, boglands and rugged inlets, simplified in effect, yet dramatic in their contrast of dark and sunlit colours, suggest backgrounds to the plays of Synge. It is significant, therefore, that a chance reading of *Riders to the Sea* sent Mr. Henry, as a young artist, to Achill, where he settled down for a number of years. Few have noticed that the direct appeal of his landscapes is due to a complete absence of human figures. No smoke rises above his sturdy little cottages and there is no one in the small green fields among the rocks—by means of that simple device a complete remoteness and wild loneliness is suggested to the town-dweller. Yet Mr. Henry's drawings of the inhabitants of these remote places are remarkable, as the examples given among the illustrations to this book will show. As a young artist, Mr. Henry left Belfast without a pang and never seems to have gone back to his native city. He spent several years in the art schools of Paris in the early years of the century, almost penniless, but completely happy. Some readers will be disappointed by the fact that Mr. Henry tells us very little about the artists and writers whom he has known. He is mainly interested in the traditional life of Connaught and he writes in detail about the folk. He lived longer among them than Synge and in some ways knows more about them. But we must remember that Synge was a doomed man and, therefore, in a hurry.

With Tito through the War. By VLADIMIR DEDIJER. *Alexander Hamilton.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Students of the war in Jugoslavia, as well as lovers of a good tale plainly told, will be glad to have this adequate translation by Mr. Alec Brown of Vladimir Dedijer's *Diary*. The two compendious volumes that were published in Belgrade in 1946 and 1948 are here reduced to one, and, for the foreign reader at least, they certainly gain by it. The notes cover the beginnings of the war, when partisans and chetniks were for a time together in the valley of the Western Morava, carry the saga forward through the long march into Western Bosnia, witness the founding of the Republic at Bihać, but conclude (apart from a few scattered comments) before the successes of the partisans brought them international attention and renown. There was, we have always understood, to have been a third volume which would tell more fully of the events of 1943 and 1944; but this has never appeared. The sub-title "1941–44" is misleading. Even so, the early years of the partisan rising set the tone for the rest; and the reader of Dedijer will find the true texture and tension of the partisan army. The photographs here included are unhappily restricted to shots of Tito and other partisan leaders: one could have wished for more pictures of the rank and file. But the text is unique.

A Contemplation of Wine. By H. WARNER ALLEN. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Warner Allen shares Professor Saintsbury's catholic tastes. "The wines," he writes, "that one remembers best are not necessarily the finest one has tasted," and the reader is not dazzled, or depressed, by accounts of vintages of whose savour he is unlikely even to have a sniff. But in other matters Mr. Warner Allen is not so forebearing, and his considerations on wine topics are well laced with political prejudices. This is a pity as on his subject he is informative, advancing many little known facts on wine and wine-making. He shows how recent in the history of wine drinking has been the development of an interest in fine wines and matured wines. Brillat-Savarin's famous *La Physiologie du Gout* treats wine with unexpected lack of reverence. Mr. Warner Allen makes it clear that the growth of literary interest in wine dates from the last century, notably in the works of Peacock, whose engaging Doctor Opimian was named after the most famous vintage years of classical times, 121 B.C. But it is a pity that he has not carried his literary-vinous researches up to more recent times than Ouida's, whose heroes breakfasted on curacao and pâté de foie gras, and whose villians mixed Moselle with Maraschino

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIA. Principal, Melbourne Technical College. Applications are invited for the above position, which will become vacant in February, 1952. Salary is at the rate £A.1,450 per annum, plus cost of living allowance, at present £A.234 per annum. Intending applicants should secure a copy of statement of duties, qualifications and other information available on application to the Agent-General for Victoria, Victoria House, Melbourne Place, The Strand, London, W.C.2, who will receive applications until July 31, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Applications are invited for the Chair of Classics and Ancient History in the University of Western Australia. This position, which was advertised some time ago, is now being re-advertised. The successful applicant will be expected to commence duty about February 15, 1952. Information relating to salary, method of application, etc., may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for the receipt of applications is August 4, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a Temporary Assistant Lectureship in Philosophy (initial salary £450 per annum, rising to £500 after one year). Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications must be received without delay.

POST Vacancies in United Nations.—The United Nations Economic Commission for Europe in Geneva, Switzerland, is seeking qualified applicants for certain senior posts in the Research and Planning Division. Candidates should possess the highest academic qualifications in applied economics and economic theory, especially in the field of international trade and payments, as well as considerable experience in economic research and analysis. Candidates must be able to give satisfactory evidence of ability to produce finished drafts in a form suitable for publication, to organise and supervise the work of a small professional staff, and to participate effectively in planning the lines of research of the Division. Qualifications must include excellent knowledge of English or French and ability to prepare acceptable drafts in one or the other of these languages; knowledge of other European languages desirable. Applicants should be nationals of member countries of the United Nations. Letters of application should be addressed to Personnel Officer, United Nations, Palais des Nations, Geneva, Switzerland.

BARNS School, Ancrum, Roxburghshire. Qualified teacher required in this recognised Residential Special School for 40 maladjusted boys. General Subjects with Art and Crafts, and/or Technical Subjects, and/or P.T. This is an independent school with small teaching groups, and plenty of scope for initiative. Standard salary scale, plus responsibility element, superannuation, and full board. There may be room for two teachers and a married couple would be considered. Apply Headmaster.

PROGRESSIVE Socialist journal requires Clerical and Typing Assistant. Apply, giving experience and refs., Box 4608.

WANTED, Sept., young woman graduate, clear coach almost to S.C. maths. 9 to 1, five days p.w. Corrections but no duties. Small divs. about £8 p.w. Box 4750.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Y.M.C.A. is a world-wide Movement. It may offer you the opportunity you seek for a life of service. Applications invited from men between 21 and 30 to train as Secretaries. First essentials: A sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth; good health. Write, giving full particulars of experience and qualifications, to S.77, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

TAVISTOCK Clinic, 2-4 Beaumont St., W.1. Educational Psychologist (temporary) required in Child Guidance Department from October next for 5 sessions weekly for 1 year, to assist in clinical work and in training post-graduate psychologists. Remuneration: 2 guineas per session. Applications, giving full particulars and names of three referees, to the Secretary, Central Middlesex Group Hospital Management Committee, Acton Lane, N.W.10, by July 24, 1951.

AUSTRALIAN Diplomatic Cadetships: Applications for the above cadetships are now being invited from Australian citizens. Full particulars may be obtained from the External Affairs Officer, Australia House, Strand, W.C.2. Closing date July 26, 1951.

NEWBATTLE Abbey Residential College for Adults, Dalkeith, Scotland, invite applications for the post of Tutor in Philosophy, including Political Theory, to take up duties as from October 1, 1951. The salary range offered is from £400 to £900, according to qualifications and experience. Free board and residence will be provided, and a superannuation scheme is in operation. Six copies of applications, with names of three referees, should be sent not later than July 21, 1951, to the Warden, Newbattle Abbey College, Dalkeith, Midlothian.

YOUTH Leader, woman, wanted in Sept., to work with man in Junior and Mixed Clubs. Salary from £180 p.a. with full board residence. Apply with 3 testimonials and 2 refs., to Warden, Birmingham Settlement, 610 Kingstanding Rd., Birmingham, 22. C.

SHEFFIELD Council of Social Service. Wanted, Care Worker. Must have Social Science Certificate; exp. not essential. Might provide opportunity for older student. Salary according to quals. Apply to General Sec., 155 Norfolk St., Sheffield, 1.

NORWICH. King Edward VI School. Assistant Matron (under 40) wanted in September for about 30 boys (age 8-18). Apply to the Matron, School House, The Close, stating experience and salary required.

HOUSEFATHER for sparetime activities, arts and crafts, general supervision, hygiene, etc., required by moderate progressive school, 30 children. Residential. Westhope Manor School, Craven Arms, Salop.

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BLACKHEATH. Professional woman with son (2) needs mother's help or share menage, toddler welcomed. Box 4462.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

REQUIRED for showroom and sample room of Coat & Suit House, capable Young Woman, able to sketch accurately. Applicants must have ability to apply system of stock control of samples, and have a stock size figure of bust 35in, waist 27in, hips 38in. No previous Fashion Trade experience is necessary, but an intelligent and conscientious worker is required. Excellent prospects of advancement offered. Reply in confidence to Box 4492, stating age and salary required.

YOUNG girl, interested in young children, reqd. as nursery school helper in Sept. (A good preliminary to nursery school, hospital/social science training). Mon. to Fri. School holidays. Apply in writing to Superintendent, Miss B. I. Grove, Chelsea Open Air Nursery School, 51 Glebe Pl., S.W.3.

RESIDENT Housekeeper required for Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Applicant must have had experience in supervising domestic staff. Salary according to qualifications. Application form obtainable from Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

COOK-housekeeper required Sept. 17, Chelsea Open Air Nursery School. Main duty: ordering and preparing mid-day meal, average 40 children and adults. Salary £156 p.a. resident. School holidays. Write stating qualifications and exp., to: Miss B. I. Grove, 51 Glebe Place, London, S.W.3.

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PERSONNEL officer (Wom.), Univ. grad., memb. I.P.M., seeks change. Box 4664.

OXFORD Graduate, Phil., Politics, Economics (awaiting results B.A. exam.), seeks post industry, education, admin. Temp. London. Perm. anywhere. Box 4551.

PAINTER (M.A.) and wife (L.R.A.M. Speech & Drama) seek work August, September. Multilingual, yachtsmen, responsible. Box 4583.

LADY mid. age seeks eve./Sat. jobs. Trained office, outside collecting. Running home. Holiday relief, etc. Box 4713.

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ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakf., dinner optional. Moderate.

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RADIO Actress and writer husband urgently need unfurn. flat London, or country accom. easy reach London. Diana Maddox, c/o B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1.

SOCIOLOGIST with wife, children, back from 2 yrs.' research in Africa, requires modern, civilised accommodation at 2-5 gns. weekly, within 5 hrs. London, till Spring, to finish work in progress. Box 4584.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,115

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for an extract of 150 words from the programme note detailing the action of *either* an opera *or* a ballet based on any one of the following: *The Speckled Band, Little Lord Fauntleroy, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Decline and Fall, Cakes and Ale, Mine Own Executioner, Pygmalion, 1984.* Entries by July 24th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,113

Set by Naomi Lewis

It is alleged that many eminent writers have at some period of their lives—though with varying success—written " copy " for advertisements. Prizes are offered for a 100-word piece (limit, 150 words) on any homely article of food or clothing or other household commodity, written by one of the following: Bacon, Pater, Melville, Ruskin, Whitman, Virginia Woolf, de Quincey, or Carlyle.

Report by Naomi Lewis

An ambiguity about the number of words (the work, we suspect, of a non-human hand) was calmly received by competitors. About the copywriters: the idea was not that they succeeded—not one, after all, remained in the profession—but that they *tried*. Bacon, always so versatile, showed the most temperament for it. I'm not so sure about Carlyle, whose work was stamped with angry passion; or Ruskin, for all his earnestness (well caught by Peter Sheldon: " . . . these household paints, produced by honest men, in noble manufactories, for a just price . . ."); or Whitman, whose lusty intensity could only have dismayed the modest housewife; or Pater, though his approach to the Nodusto Cleaner may well have stunned its makers: " It is of a curious beauty, that esoteric beauty which may be fully apprehended only by those who understand the Periclean dictum; for mingled with its loveliness of form there is the inherent beauty of a creation perfectly adapted to the fulfilment of its Final Cause." (H. A. C. Evans).

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Or even Melville, from whose seas of phrases came one lucky catch: " I wear, says the wise man (and draws more nigh to his confidant's ear) locknit vests: and I buy (and now, from whispering in an ear, he climbs to a housetop, and shouts) Super Nonshiver Underwear! " (Edward Blishen). Good entries were sent also by Christine Greenfield, Allan M. Laing, R. S. Jaffray, Gavin Ewart, Thomas Chitty, L. G. Udall, N. Hodgson. Prizes are shared between the five printed.

VIRGINIA WOOLF

" Oh, thank you, dear."

(*Thinks :*) And now I must be kissed, must smile, his scowl, his grumpiness—how strange men are!—utterly vanished. And still one gropes, like a blind man with a stick, for the reason; the late-night malted drink—was that it?—the crispy breakfast cereal—was that it? How could they spirit away that monster, those hooves trampling the pale leaves of my content, that near-hatred? This, then: the teeming suds; white sheets flapping (like great swans fighting to be free); Monday, and his dinner not scamped; his wife gracious with leisure. It is to Rinsil, then, my thanks should go!

ELAINE MORGAN

" See," said Sally, " my new ' SPRINGO ' shoes! "

" There is Sally," said Richard. " How gracefully she walks! Why do I walk faster, faster, faster? Is it for the shimmering warmth of her hair; or the soft curve of her neck and back; or the tremulous lilt and arrest of her grass-green-grey harris tweed skirt? Or is it rather the proud accentuation of her ankles, and those dainty, unforgettable shoes which draw my vigour? I catch you by the wrist, Sally, my arm about your waist. Our beings merge; our liquid souls coagulate."

" The open wound of my anguish is torn," said Inez. " He kisses her and they will go away together. I also will buy some ' SPRINGO ' Shoes, and the blood of my agony will congeal in the dark and unfathomable recesses of the Smarty Party Shoe Stores, Inc."

ERIC SWAINSON

BACON

Hee that hath no shirte will awaken curiositee in the Vulgar and pitee in the Kindlic-hearted. But he that hath a Verulam Shirte—as worn by Sir Francis Drake when he put a girdle round the earth—will rouse envie in the eyes of all spectators. As Vergil observed, *sordidus amictus non amatur*, but the Verulam Shirte washes easilie and softlie. A little water clears it in its need. If Princes smile, collars may be worne attached. For the frown of great ones, detached collars are supplied. There is no need to beseech your mistress, " Pray you, undo this button." The buttons undoe smoothlie of their own accord.

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Bowling is good for the stone and veins; shooting for the breast and lungs; SWELP for cleansing buck. It is an highe and pithie apophthegme that *Cleanliness is next to Godliness.* To go in white linen is no mincing daintihead, and to be *simplex munditus* is but to fulfil his duty to his even-Christian. Soapes, lyes, fullers earth, have had their employment: SWELP hath put them out of place and quite turned them off. Be your smocks never so nasty, your shifts never so foul, SWELP shall thoroughly purge them, yet not with much triturition neither nor beating with stones, but with all gentleness and of his proper vertue, and that without respect to aires, waters or places. To speake in a meane, husbands applaud SWELP; children exact SWELP; huswives demand it, for to them a drachme of practice outweigheth an hundredweight of speculation. *Expertæ credite.*

R. J. P. Hewison

RUSKIN

How often, on a clear summer's morning, have I seen in a neighbouring meadow the flashing purity of linen, gull-like in its restless beauty, proclaiming to the world a gay and dazzling sweetness. My neighbours feel no shame in that innocent display—and rightly so; for shame belongs only to work ill or falsely done, and this work has been done honestly and well; not by boiling in common soap and soda and by dint of brutal rubbing, but through wise submission to the gentle searching mastery, the cool creamy saturation of that most perfect of universal abluents, NIAGARENE.

A. M. SAYERS

CHESS: Blitz and Thunder

No. 93

When, last week, I invited entries for a " brilliancy prize "—more likely a good many of them—I was wondering if competitors would favour the more spectacular or the more subtle type. They are both equally welcome, and none more than a glorious blend of the two: some subtle positional play gradually undermining the opponent's position till it is bound to crumple up under some bold and spectacular stroke. Who of us would deny the greater value of such a combination duly worked for and honestly " earned " by positional play? And yet, when the knock-out occurs in the first round as it were, in a game barely out of the opening phase we never fail to be enchanted, even though the premise must inevitably be some serious blunder committed in the opening, or a series of weak moves such as in this game won by F. Englund, the Swede in 1942.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(7) QKt-Q2?	Kt-K6
(2) P-KB4	P-Q4	(8) Q-R4 ch	B-Q2
(3) P x QP	KP x P	(9) Q-Kt3	Q-K2
(4) Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	(10) K-B2	Kt-Q8 ch!
(5) P-Q4	Kt x P	(11) K-Kt1	Kt-B6!!
(6) P-B4?	B-QKt5 ch	(12) P-KR3	B-R5!

To be faced, that quickly, with the unenviable choice of losing either Q or K seems cruel punishment for a succession of weak moves. The position on the diagram took a few moves more to mature for slaughter. Here White (Schuppler) had planted a R on Kt7 on his 17 move. But by countering P-KKt5 Black might well have flattered himself on being first on the kill. He must have had a rude awakening when White threw two mighty spanners in his works by sacrificing first his B at KR6 and then his Q at Q4, so as to threaten inescapable mate by KR-Kt1. This, surely, will please the problem addicts among our readers.

A: Schwarzbach

In this week's competition it seems only fitting for **A** and **B** to be real game positions, with the knock-out blow delivered by Black in the first and by White in the second position. In both cases it happens to be a mate in 7, but they should be amply rated with 5 ladder-points each. As for **C**, though, White to win—this subtle study should be well worth 8 points. Usual prizes. Entries by July 23.

B: Dr. Vidmar

C: Henri Rinck, 1916

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set June 23

A: *Key* Q-Kt7: if (1) . . . . Q x B ch (2) K x Q, P-B3 (3) Kt-Q5
if (1) . . . . Q-B3 (2) R x Q, K-K5 (3) B-Kt6
if (1) . . . . Q-K3 (2) R x Q, P-B3 (3) Kt-Q6

B: (1) P-Kt6, Q-R3 ch (best). (2) K-K3, P x P. (3) R-B7 ch, K-Q1 (4) R-QR7, Q x R. (5) R-R8 ch, K-B2. (6) R-R7 ch, K-Kt1. (7) R x Q, K x R. (8) P-Kt5 etc.
If (2) . . . P-B3. (3) R/3 x P, Q-R6 ch. (4) K-B2, Q-Kt7 ch. (5) K-Kt3, Q-Kt6 ch. (6) K-R4, Q x P ch. (7) K-R5, K-B2. (8) P-Kt7 and wins.
If (1) . . . P-K5 ch. (2) K x P and wins.
(1) R x P ch leads merely to a draw.

Several competitors tried P-B4 or Q-R1 in **A**, overlooking the refutation by P-B3. But with well over a score of perfectly correct solutions to choose from, prizes can, once again, be shared by those who have never or not for a long time appeared in a prize-list: C. Allen, J. B. Cock, F. Ilparo, W. T. Maccall, J. E. Scott.

ASSIAC

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LONDON. "West Court," Earls Court, S.W.5. Quiet, comfortable, mod. Tube (9 min. run Piccadilly, etc.). FRObisher 6492.

OLD Plaw Hatch, nr. East Grinstead, Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Lovely walks and good food at the end of them. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

KENWYN Hotel, Earls Court, 29, West Cromwell Rd., London, S.W.5. Bed & breakfast from 10s. 6d. per night; every comfort. Telephone FRObisher 1000.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in lovely country within reach Eastbourne. Comfort and good food. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex.

YOU must visit Cliftonville's charming Palm Bay Hotel! A few vacancies left during June to September. Facing sea, radio diffusion in every room, television, cocktail bar, and all modern comforts. Write for brochure or telephone Margate 385.

LAKE District. Beck Allans, Grasmere, Westmorland. H. & c. all bedrooms. Brochure on request. Proprietors, E. & A. Wild. 'Phone Grasmere 129.

FARNHAM. Holidays among Surrey Hills and Beauty Spots. Country house with large airy rooms and sun lounge. Every comfort. Good food. Clutha Guest House, Lower Bourne. (Frensham 293.)

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accom. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 3gns. per wk. Summer terms 4gns. Robertsbridge 314.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food, soft beds, a warm hotel; radiators, h.w. in every bedrm. Apply Proprietor.

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & C. in all rooms. Telephone Bude 147.

CAPEL Curig, Guest House with modern accom. for 12. H. & c. All conv., finely situated on Ogwen Rd. Gd. centre for hols. in Snowdonia. Brochure: Mrs. Brennand, Bron Heulog, Capel Curig. Tel. C.C. 217.

BATTLE, Sussex. The George Hotel, in this old-world town, offers comfort and good cuisine. Short bus ride Hastings and Bexhill.

QUIET country holiday 1½ mls. sea. Good food, 6gns. weekly. Personal attention. "The Crown Inn," Westleton, Suffolk.

EDINBURGH. Bed, bfast., attractive rms. H. & C. 16 Rothesay Pl. CEN. 4871.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac. The Lawns Hotel, overlooking Bay and 13 miles of coastal scenery. Thoroughly recom. Few vacancies July and Sept. Brochure. Tel. 291.

NORTH Devon, overlooking Atlantic. Do you want a quiet, restful holiday in a scene of bracing beauty? Good food, courteous attention, elec. light. Mod. terms. Grosvenor Guest House, Stoke, Hartland. Mr. & Mrs. W. Stewart, Proprietors. Tel. Hartland 25.

DEVON. Accom. min. sea. (Full July 21/ Aug. 25). "Fontenaye," Combemartin.

CRAB and Lobster Hotel, Ventnor, Isle of Wight. Tel. 161. English and Continental cuisine. Games room. Scheduled as an historical building. Terms: 6gns.-8gns.

WHERE TO STAY—*continued*

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, Nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Cent. Manor, in 18 acres of lawns and woodlands, adjoining bird sanctuary. Own fishing, shooting. Easy reach golfing & beaches at Rock and Daymer Bay. Own farm prod. Terms from 4½gns. Open all year round. Brochure on request.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Fishing, golf, lakes. Comfort and good food. A.A., R.A.C. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

IN the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, yet only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel, Longformacus, Duns. Home produce, excellent cooking, 3,000-volume library, trout streams, riding; fully licensed. "Out of the World and into Longformacus."

BOGNOR. Comf. Guest House. Good food, separate tables, willing service, pleasant gdn. Widworthy, Sylvan Way. Tel. 350.

N. CORNWALL coast, Cottage Guest Hse. Sands, bathing, surfing, buses 5 mins. H. & C. Vac. July 21, Sept. 1 on. Clifton Cottage, Trebarwith, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/5½gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penralli, Tretrew. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

GRAND Hotel, Dinard (Brittany), 1st class. Now, special low season terms.

NATURIST Sun-bathing holidays. In sunny Devon at Britain's best Sun Club. Full facils., and mod. cons., nudist sun and air bathing. Write (enc. 1s.) for brochure: Sec. (C), N. Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon. Sunbathers' magazine listing 55 British Sun Clubs, 1s. 3d. post free.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres gnds. Mod. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

"RIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to riding centres, inns, guest houses, in Britain's loveliest holiday counties. Post free 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for bird-hsam), H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh water pool; reduced terms for children. Brochure (stamp), N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, h. & c. in all bedrooms; every comfort. Terms, 5-7gns. Phone: Hastings 5110.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Farm produce. Cream. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Golf Rock. Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Port Isaac 234.

CORNWALL, South Coast. Early summer holidays in luxury of Nare Hotel, Veryan. Glorious sands, safe bathing. Children more than welcome. Most generous hospitality, service with a smile. Veryan 279.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt.-Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (Rtd.).

MURLEY Grange, Bishopsteignton, S. Devon. Vacancies still available September & October. A few corners in July. Lovely situation & grounds above Teign. 15 minutes sea (bus to gates). H. & C., gastes., music, home produce. Children welcome. Also furnished Cottage from Sept. 30.

LAYTONS Wine Merchants, 2a Duke St. (Manchester Sq.), W.1, are also party caterers. WEL. 8808, 1864. Restaurant 0709.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

PERSONAL

HERBERT Railton, original pen drawings wanted. Box 4302.

YOUNG unmarried woman expecting baby December. Reqs. sympathetic home. Willing to work in pt. exc. for brd. Box 4527.

"MENTON, capitale de beauté," has sun, sea and glorious mountains. And from August 1-10 it will hold its Second Festival of Chamber Music. We welcome a few guests in our private villa within easy reach of all these delights. Box 4536.

ABLE BOYS (fifth year) takes boys 11-15 on the Norfolk Broads; and teaches them to sail, to look after themselves, to be good shipmates, and in time to take charge. Booklet from the skipper, R. R. Skemp, 41 Bartlemas Rd., Oxford.

IN exchange for stay in Vienna, Viennese girl seeks stay in good English home during summer months. Answers to Arthur Lowinger, Wien IX. Universitätsstrasse 6.

LONDON, N.W.5, nr. heath, room, 2 beds, 2 ladies. Also exchange for seaside accom. 1 lady Aug. 11-18 or 18-25. Box 4710.

CHILDREN'S Holiday Home, requires domestic worker July 27-Sept. 14, also group leader from Aug. 24 and asst. matron from Aug. 31. Au pair in return for child's holiday, if suitable. Cedars Hill Children's Farm, S. Molton, Devon.

NAVAL architect, Venetian gentleman, age 27, of good family, desiring learn English, would like live in English family, London, 2-4 months. His parent in Venice would give hospitality to young English person in exchange. References exchanged. Write Carlo Conulich, S. Stefano 2955, Venice, Italy.

PERSONAL—*continued*

CULTURED Italian girl, 24, to perfect her English seeks good English family for 3/4 months, companion, assist with children in return for board and lodging. Write Signorina Barbarechi, via Palladio 12, Milan.

CORSICA—15-day escorted tour for £47. Departure Sept. 8. Cost includes fare from London, five full days in Calvi and four in Ajaccio, sightseeing excursions & excellent hotel accommodation & food. Practically guaranteed warmth & sunshine. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1.

FOR Sale: 1938 Bedford shooting-brake. Sleep 2. Ideal camping. WIM. 6694.

MOTORING France, Italy or Spain, August 16, Doctor would like to hear of 1-2 persons willing to share expenses and drive. Box 4255.

FRENCH Secondary school teacher (agrégé de l'Univ.; professeur de lettres au lycée Ampère), will give private lessons in French language, literature, conversation, month of August, area West London. Box 4273.

YNG. Frenchman, med. student, offers a French piano lessons children, return for keep in English family, end July-August. J. Corcos, Maison des Provinces de France, 55 Bd. Jourdan, Paris 14e.

TO let furn. 5 whs. fr. Aug. 8, charm. 2-rm. gds. flat St. John's Wd. Bath, kit. Before 9, PRI. 2832. After 7, PRI. 5578.

BACHELOR, amateur photographer, seeks companion (m.) similarly inclined for summer holiday, July 28-Aug. 11. Box 4391.

FESTIVAL accom. House, Hampstead Heath, sleep 6 (3 bedrms.), all elec. Aug. 12-26. 2gns. each weekly. Box 4449.

ARTIST'S cottage, N.E. Yorks moors. Aug. 13-24. 3 bed., 2 sit., garage. 5gns. p.w. Box 4459.

GARDEN flat. 25 mins. London. July-Sept./longer. Sleep 5. 3gns. Box 4587.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

ZEST for work & p'easure! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure regime in a delightful bijou Guest House will restore mental and physical poise and vigour to the tired personality. Brochure: Vernon Symonds, "The Brooklands," Holloway Place, Hastings. Tel. Hastings 2832.

LONDON Panel of Personal Consultants. Please write for brochure to the Hon. Secretary, 10 York Gate, N.W.1.

MR. J. S. Harrison, L.R.A.M., has vacancies for a few pianoforte pupils. Studios London and Mackw. Parties from Bovingdon Thatch, Marlow, Bucks. Marlow 517.

DEVON. Vacancies in lovely country house party, August. Box 3397.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds, Colonic irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY. 1045.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, nr. Bletchley. 1-4 wk. Pottery, Alabaster & Wood Sculpting and Weaving courses up to July 21.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anewellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Steachan, Ware 52.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

HALLIDAY Hall for conferences, parties, overseas visitors, 20 mins. central London. 3 common rooms, conference hall, garden. Accommodate 110 in double and single rooms, private bathrooms and telephones. 15s. bed and breakfast; 18s. dinner, bed and breakfast. Enquiries to the Warden, Halliday Hall, South Side, Clapham Common, S.W.4.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/1951), Palace Gate, W.8.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d., Phrasetan Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

HALL for hire Lolcs. Sq. Dances, meetings, Classes. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co. Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

SOMERSET East. Civilised all-elec. farm cottage, sleep 5, service avail., free most of summer, 4½ gns./wk. according to circumstances. Box 4037.

PICARDY. Guests welcomed modernised country house, spacious grounds, only 5½ hrs. London. Farm produce. Free garage. £6 6s. Mme. Clowes, Château d'Auxtemps, Rétz, P. de C. France.

CORSICA. The Anglo-French Camp de l'Horizon on Calvi Bay is now open. Return air trip (London/Calvi direct) and complete fortnight of sunshine, good food, perfect freedom, for £35 10s. Few vacancies remain for July, end of August, September. Apply at once to Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. City 7163/4.

PERSONAL—*continued*

SPAIN. Costa Brava, Barcelona. 15 days, Sept. 2. Small, mixed, unconventional party escorted not herded. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Square, W.C.1. MUS. 5395. Mornings only.

NORFOLK Broads. Private yacht for hire. Aug. to mid-Sept. Week/more. Acc. & equip. for 3/4. Good sailing. £11 p.w. Apply before end of July. Chirgwin, "Elmhurst," High Rd., E.18.

YOU use your feet on our holidays! We take you off the beaten track into all the mountain ranges of Europe—and even as far afield as the Atlas Mountains of Morocco. If you want an energetic holiday this summer, write for details of our walking tour programme. Ramblers' Association Services, 48 (V) Park Rd., N.W.1. AMB. 2495.

SUNSHINE holiday on Lake Maggiore (Italy); ideal holiday for people who like bathing, lazing in the sun and enjoy an informal holiday in a very attractive setting. Boat connection with Lugano, visits to Como. Small party on July 27. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. Kensington 0911.

SEE Spain. Mr. Newman, the manager of See Spain, Ltd., has recently returned from a tour of Spain and is happy to announce that he has secured additional good accommodation for British holidaymakers. We are now able to offer 15-day holidays in Palma de Mallorca and Costa Brava from £30 (fully inclusive). There are also a few vacancies for Luxury Coach Tours departing London on Sept. 9 and Oct. 7, and visiting Irun, San Sebastian, Burgos, Madrid, Escurial, Granada, Malaga, Seville, Cordoba, etc. Inclusive price London/London 146gns. Full details from Dept. N.S., See Spain, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

BARCELONA and Costa Brava, 15 days. Mixed Party more interested in people than fashion leaves Sept. 2. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Square, W.C.1. MUS. 5395. Mornings only.

AUSTRIAN Tyrol and Salzkammergut. A few more vacancies from July 22 (partly by air), Aug. 11 and Aug. 18. £25 to £29. Dr. Beer, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5916.

CAPRI holiday. Join my small party visiting also Paris, Rome, Naples, Amalfi, Sorrento, Pompeii. 17 days incl. 49gns. Full details: Mr. John Lemming, Always Travel, 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1. (Tel. 6436/7).

P.S. "See Naples and die!" Perhaps—But why not visit Capri and survive?

P.P.S. Harold Ingham can arrange this and will also tell you about a charming villa at Menton where a 2-weeks holiday costs only 28gns. inclusive

P.P.P.S. Down from Cambridge? Why not go up to Bretayer? 6,000 feet, 17 days, 21gns. Write to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Ring Harrow 1040.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

OIL is Inflammable: The Persian Crisis by Harold Davies, M.P. Price 6d. Just published by The Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3770).

WE get that book you want. London Book Co., 391 St. John St., E.C.1.

SOUND books on all aspects of Marriage and Family life. List free for s.a.e. from: National Marriage Guidance Council, 78 Duke St., W.1.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Stevens, 64 Tadworth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

ENJOY "Rude Health" for 1 year for 8s. ($1.50). Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

SEND a shilling for three issues of "Basis," a new weekly journal of comment on economic affairs. "Basis" brings a fresh approach to financial, industrial and political problems of the day. Read three issues—then decide on a yearly subscription. "Basis," 11, Suffolk Street, S.W.1.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 114 Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

NEW and secondhand books posted. Books searched for. D. M. Rose, 18 Fortess Rd., N.W.5. GUL. 5885. Books bought.

WHEN you are in London please come and see our selection of Books, Maps and Guides. You will find us, as usual, not far from the Victoria & Albert Museum, and we are near the Brompton Rd. Tempus Fortuna Bookshop, Ltd., 5 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3.

MOUNTAIN Accidents, by Lord Chorley. "Country and Travel" Summer Number. Other contributors: W. G. Hoskins, R. L. G. Irving, C. E. M. Joad. Beautiful illustration, 2s., from any newsagent or 2s. 3d. (6s. for 4 issues), from 48 Park Rd., N.W.1.

MAGAZINES. Foyles arrange postal subscriptions for all British magazines and periodicals and almost all American and Continental publications. W. & G. Foyle, Ltd. (Subscription Dept.), 119-125 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "The Cradle Will Rock," play with music. Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Mems. only.

WATERGATE Theatre (TRA. 6261). July 3-22. "Sex and Seraphim" by L. E. Jones. Produced by Ellen Pollock. 7 p.m. (exc. Mons.). Festival Mem'ship: 5s. 1 mth.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last perfs. Shaw Festival. Sat. & Sun., 5 & 8. Prog. 3. Wed. next, 7.0, "Pow Judas." Mems.

EMBASSY. PRI. 2211. July 17, evs. 7.45 (exc. Mon.), Th. 2.30, Sat. 4.45. Sun. club 7.45. 2 wks. season Ballet. Also 1st London showing of oil paintings by Eve Lomax.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until July 15: Pierre Fresnay in "Le Corbeau" (A). From July 16: Laurence Olivier in Hitchcock's "Rebecca" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., July 15, 7.30. "Pagliacci" (A) (Italian).

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council. July 14. Party at Studio House, 1 Hampstead Hill Gdns. 8.30 onwards. Adm. 2s. 6d.

NEW Era Film Club. This programme only, special American film exposing "Labour Spy Racket." "London, May Day, 1951," Chaplin "The Cure." Showing at Central Hall, Westminster, Sat., July 28, 7.30. Mems. 2s., guests 2s. 6d. Details of ticts. & membship. A. Miller, 40a Hermon Hill, E.11.

POLAND'S National Liberation Day Concert. A Programme of Polish Music, Dancing and Singing on Sunday, July 22, at 6.30 p.m. at the Whitehall Theatre, Whitehall, London, S.W.1. Artists include: Susan Sirsko, Hounslow Co-operative Choir. (by kind permission of the London Co-operative Society, Education Committee), with Ivor Mairants (guitar). Polish folk dancing display, directed by John Conway. Opening remarks: Lord Silkin. Chairman: Mr. John Horner. All 2s. 6d. tickets now sold. Remaining tickets at 1s. from British-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, London, W.1 (Tel. LAN. 6593). Tickets must be bought in advance. Doors open 6 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. The full range of Ganymed Reproductions is on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). 9-6 and Saturday mornings.

SOUTHAMPTON Art Gallery: Camden Town Group Exhibition open daily 10-7, Sundays 2-5, till July 25. Catalogue (9 illustrations) 1s. 9d. post free.

ROYAL Hospital, Chelsea. Important exhibition of Chelsea China. Daily, 11-7, Suns. 2.30-5. Adm. 1s. Illus. catalogue 2s.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, W.14. Paintings by Valdemars Tone. July 10-August 4. Wkdays. 10-5. Sats. 10-1.

PAINTINGS by Newton Souza at India House on week-days up to Sat., July 21. Also daily film show on India Art at 2.30.

MATTHEW Smith. New Paintings and earlier works. 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1. Exhd. until 21st.

"FESTIVAL. Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Also flower paintings by Honor Sterndale-Bennett. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

TEMPERA Paintings by William Blake, an exhibition arranged in conjunction with The William Blake Trust. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 21. Mon., Wed., Fri. Sat. 10-6., Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., Old Bond St., W.1. Sickert—Forty of his finest paintings. Dly. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

SICKERT Exhibition. South Library, Essex Rd., Islington. 10-6. Sats. 10-5. Free.

RECENT Sculpture and Paintings by Robert Adams, Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1.

EXHIBITION of British Silverwork, including ceremonial plate, by contemporary craftsmen. Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside. Open until August 31. 10.30 to 6.30 daily, except Sundays. Adm. 1s.

BRITISH Painting 1925-50 (Second Anthology). New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. An Arts Council Exhibition. Open till July 28. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Adm. 1s.

500 YEARS of English Literature in the Festival Exhibition of British Books, org. by the English Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. 10-6; Sun. 2.30-6.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. May-Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

HENRY Moore. An Arts Council Exhibition, Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

SIXTY Paintings for '51. An Arts Council Exhibition of Contemporary Works specially painted for the Festival. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Open till July 31. Week-days 10-5, inc. Sats. Adm. 1s.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Last Summer Exhibition. English and French Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. School of Paris. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. Recent Paintings by Graham Sutherland. Week-days 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

TWENTY Brook Street, 10-6, Sats. 10-1. New Paintings by John Christofotou.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise. 19th Annual Exhibition of pictures and sculpture. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters: Cézanne, Degas, Manet, Renoir, etc. Dly., 10-5. Sat., 10-12.

WILLIAM Hogarth. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Weekdays 10-6. Suns 2-6. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SOCIALISM and Rearmament—2nd Conference "Arms and Foreign Policy," Sat., July 14 at 2.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Spkrs.: John Freeman M.P., and Denis Healey. 1s. 6d., Tea 1s. Tickets obtainable at door.

"PEACE With China." Speakers: Lady Selwyn Clarke and F. Elwyn Jones, M.P. Chairman: Lord Chorley. Small Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., Fri., July 20. 7.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 21 at 6 p.m. Mr. S. L. Salzedo, "Translation."

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., W.1 (Gro. 6186). July 18: Discussion on exhibition Colonial Sculpture (Imperial Institute). 25th: Lecture: Education for Designers, by Serge Chermayeff. 29th: Reading: Helen of Euripides arr. Group Theatre.

"ASIA Re-shapes the World," by Andrew Roth, four years roving Asian correspondent for "The Nation" (New York). Chairman: Lady Hilda Selwyn-Clark. Mon., July 23, 7.30. Asian Institute, 17 Irving Street (Leicester Sq.). 2s.

PEACE with China Council. Local committees and supporters: to obtain credentials for the National Conference at National Trade Union Club, 12 Great Newport St., W.C.2., 10.30 a.m., July 15. 'phone ABBey 6795 between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m.

JUST Back from Poland! Members of biggest ever British Trade Union delegation to visit Eastern Europe will give eye-witness account of how they live and work in Poland to-day and will answer questions at The Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, W.C.1., Fri., July 13, 7.30 p.m. Tkts. 6d. British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Place, W.1 (LAN. 6593), or at door.

GERMAN Poetry Recital given by Theamaria Lenz—Berlin. "Goethe-Hölderlin-Rilke." Wed., July 18, 8 p.m. Bonnington Hotel, 92 Southampton Row, W.C.1. Arr. by Library of the German Language (office: 4b Belsize Gr. N.W.3.) 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.

UNITED Europe Movement. A Meeting of the Movement's Lunch-Time Forum will be held in the Central Hall, Westminster, on Tuesday, July 24, 1951. M. Paul-Henri Spaak, President of the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe, will speak on "Britain and the Council of Europe." The Rt. Hon. Duncan Sandys, M.P., will preside. A buffet luncheon will be available from 12.30 to 1.10 p.m. at the cost of 3s. per head, followed by the meeting. Applications for luncheon tickets should be made to the United Europe Movement, Europe House, Smith Square, S.W.1. Tel. No. ABBey 3118. All interested in the cause of European Unity are cordially invited to attend.

NOW'S The Time To Stop War. Come to Trafalgar Sq., Sun., July 22, 3 p.m. Emrys Hughes, M.P., Victor Yates, M.P., Alex Comfort, Ph.D., Stuart Morris, Sybil Morrison. Organised by the Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUS. 5501.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre. Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m. July 17: "The Scientific Basis of Religion." All welcome.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. July 15: The Origin of Evil.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. July 15: Archibald Robertson, M.A. "Some Fables of History." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Overseas visitors cordially welcomed.

PROF. J. J. Isaacs on The Growth of the Reading Public, 1851-1951, Saturday, July 14 at 3 p.m. S. C. Roberts on Sherlock Holmes, Tuesday, July 17 at 6.15 p.m. Lecture Hall, Victoria and Albert Museum in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Sport." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., July 15, at 11 a.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ALL Nations Social Club (non-political). July 16, "A Day in The Life of an M.P." By Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P. Questions and discussion. Thursday, July 19, 8 p.m., at Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

CENTRAL London Parish Society. Mon., July 16, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 21 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Trade Unions & Productivity." Robert Harle (Productivity Department of the T.U.C.). Adm. 1s. 6d.

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum, an address by Mrs. Monica Felton. Chairman L. C. White. Thurs., July 19, 7.30 p.m. Criterion Restaurant, Lower Regent St., W.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec. WEL. 0136.

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